Week ending June 30 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins This Week

SHADOW OF THE MOON

by M. M. Kaye

An unforgettable novel of love, intrigue and savagery in the Indian Mutiny

the things they say!

Those people made a pile of money last year.

Not a lot, in relation to the size of their business !

Maybe not. But why couldn't they let their customers have a bigger share in this prosperity by lower or level prices ?

You talk as if I.C.I. haven't kept their prices down.

Well, have they ?

Certainly. The general level of wholesale prices in this country is more than three times pre-war, but the general level of I.C.I.'s prices is less than double.

Still, I don't see what I.C.I. want all that money for.

Much of it went into extending and re-equipping their hundred-odd factories and constructing plants for entirely new products.

Who benefits from that ?

Everybody. I.C.I.'s *employees*, because they get the increased security that an up-to-date industry gives ; I.C.I.'s *stockholders*, because these new plants will increase the Company's earning power. Finally, I.C.I.'s *customers*, at home and abroad, for the policy of continuously improving manufacturing methods and increasing capacity is important not only in making more materials available to industry, but also in keeping prices down.

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JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 JUNE 30 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2609

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Watched by the colonel (background) Mrs. Hamilton prepares to present shamrock to Royal Irish Fusiliers

THE Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Gerald Templer, was coming to inspect the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers at Tidworth. He was to stay at the home of the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Goff Hamilton—and the Hamiltons had just moved in; the house was chaotic. Yet the colonel's wife looked unruffled; fourteen years as an army wife have taught Mrs. Mary Margaret Hamilton—M. M. Kaye, the writer—to take domestic upheavals in her stride. When the C.I.G.S. arrived, all was in order.

The same calm efficiency, allied to a vivid imagination and personal experience in trouble spots throughout the world, helps her to write fiction fluently in longhand. She finished "Shadow Of The Moon"—the first instalment begins on page 9—in seven months. "But I had nursed the idea for fifteen years," she recalls.

"Government House at Lucknow, in India, had a priceless collection of books on the Indian Mutiny, and among them I found a document written by an English girl trapped by the rebels. It described her terrifying adventures disguised as a native, and this, together with the background I gleaned from four hundred books about the mutiny, is included in the novel."

Mrs. Hamilton was born in Simla, forty-four years ago, the daughter of Sir Cecil Kaye, the cipher expert, and met her future husband there. "I was a white rabbit in a play, and he was a small boy watching from a theatre box." They have two daughters —Nicola, aged ten, and Carolyn, who at thirteen has attended fifteen different schools.

BEFORE he visited Wester Ross, Scotland, to write about James Polson and his nature reserve, Rex Grizell knew practically nothing about natural history. "My closest acquaintance with wild life had been the buttercups and daisies which thrive in my Sussex garden," he says.

Once on the road in the Wester Ross reserve, however, Grizell learned quickly. An enthusiastic nature conservancy scientist who was driving kept both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the countryside on each side of the road. "He was searching for wild birds," says Grizell. "I managed to relax when I found that he could steer fairly straight even when he was looking backwards."

As he stumbled across the moors, Grizell began to feel the call of the wild. The wildest thing he came close to, however, was Polson's pet sheep. "It kept nudging me viciously in the hope of getting a handful of oats." But from a distance he saw the golden eagle in flight, the peregrine falcon, and deer.

Grizell returned home to write his article on page 20 filled with enthusiasm for the great outdoors. "He has begun to explore the countryside around our home for the first time in five years," says his wife. "And before breakfast at that!"

How to give emergency treatment for many hurts and ailments in your own home

Why does T.C.P. play such an important part in the simple home treatments given here—and in many others described in the free booklet offered below?

It is because T.C.P. is much more than just a really safe antiseptic that kills germs quickly and protects against infection. It also has these *extra* medical properties that help so much when you have to be 'Home Doctor':

It relieves pain and skin irritation; reduces swelling and inflammation; actually encourages clean healing.

Now you can see why you can use T.C.P. in so many ways. To help cuts, wounds and grazes to heal quickly. To treat spots, boils and rashes. To reduce the swelling of bruises and sprains—or of sore, aching feet. To soothe tired eyes—or relieve sore throat. In fact, it's a safe, soothing, healing antiseptic that you can always fly to—for prompt, sure action.

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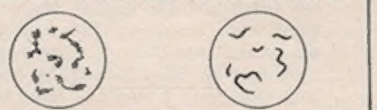

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TIRED, SORE FEET—*Wash (not soak) the feet in tepid water. Then dry, and dab cotton-wool soaked in T.C.P. all over the feet and ankles for a few minutes. This quickly relieves the soreness, and helps to reduce the swelling.*

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Free Speech

- The secret of making tea
- Footing the bill for marriage
- Telling the family's story

DURING my holiday in Switzerland last month I decided to pull the hotelier's leg about the intricacies of tea-making. He took me seriously, and told me how three members of an English holiday party had tried to teach him how to make tea.

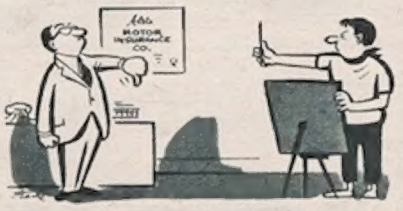
One had insisted that the best way was to throw the tea leaves into a saucepan of boiling water. The second preferred to pour an inch of boiling water on to the leaves in a teapot, adding more water after five minutes. The third claimed that brewing tea for a long time produced dangerous tannin and other acids.

The hotelier told me that he got all three guests to test their theories in his kitchen. He tasted the results: they were horrible. He finally gave up when another Englishman told him that all the tea-making efforts at the hotel were a waste of time because the water was far too soft.—G. T. A., Luton, Bedfordshire.

"Water hardness has a great effect on tea-making," says an expert. "Tea firms produce special blends to suit different areas—Manchester, with soft water, needs a different tea from London, with hard. The unfortunate Swiss hotelier probably could not buy tea to suit his water supply."

Unfair Policy?

A friend who like myself is an art student is the proud possessor of an ancient high-powered car. He has



been told by his insurance company that they will insure it only if he undertakes not to drive it to art school functions and does not accept art students as passengers. This seems to be taking prejudice towards students a little too far. — D. B., Wallasey, Cheshire.

"Certain occupations are sometimes considered to be an abnormal risk," says an insurance expert. "Students, because of their high spirits, are among them, and so are jockeys and other professional sportsmen, and members of the theatrical profession. Sometimes an insurance company will increase premiums, exclude passenger liability or make certain restrictions."

Wedding Fees

I am to be married later this year, and I have been inquiring about church fees. Friends have told me that these vary from 17s. 6d. to eight guineas, but a local vicar says that, as we want to be married on a Sunday, the fee will be five guineas —double the normal fee. Is there no standard rate?—A. B. HASTINGS, Highgate, London.

A uniform scale of fees was recently issued by the Church Commissioners and is accepted by most Anglican churches. Where the bride and bridegroom live in the same parish, the fees for the certificate of banns are 5s. for the minister and 2s. to the clerk or verger; wedding fees, 10s. and 5s., respectively—a total of £1 2s. There are additional fees when the parties live in different parishes. Some parishes increase their fees to discourage Sunday marriages.

Family Archives

The B.B.C. sometimes gives us a glimpse back along the years in its radio series, *Scrapbook*, but I wonder how many families keep a scrapbook of their own.

I recently saw one which dated back to the 1840s. In it were preserved sketches by members of the family, details of school successes, letters from famous people, details of

dress design, delicate little paintings, and holiday photographs.

Most people have snapshot albums, but a family history in picture and story strikes me as being really out of the ordinary. — F. W. HOOPER, Denton, Manchester.

Number, Please

While my son was on holiday recently I undertook to do his paper round. I was amazed at the frequency of houses without street numbers—sometimes three or four in a row were unidentifiable. I thought it was compulsory to number a house even if it had a name.—S. W. BURTON, West Wickham, Kent.

"Although there is no Act making house numbering compulsory, all local authorities are encouraged and empowered to insist on it," says the Housing Ministry. "Urban councils have had these powers since 1847. In 1949, mainly through Post Office representations, they were extended to local authorities in rural areas."

Dangerous Rays

I was surprised at the cover picture of a child having her feet X-rayed (JOHN BULL, May 26). As a professional geneticist, I am naturally more concerned with the effects of such radiations on our hereditary endowment, whether they are produced by X-rays or by radio-active by-products of atom bombs or power stations.

There is sufficient information now on the possibility of malignant changes being produced in other than reproductive tissues to make one circumspect about using X-rays willy-nilly.—B. M., Aberdeen.

"There should be no danger from these foot X-ray machines if they are adequately shielded, expertly handled, and if the young foot is examined for only a very short time," says a doctor.

"Geneticists are often worried about the cumulative effects of X-rays and radio-active fall-out from atom and hydrogen bomb tests. Radio-activity can adversely affect generations yet unborn, but nobody really knows how much radio-activity the human body can take before these effects occur."

Earlier this month a report by the Medical Research Council said that even the small amounts of radio-activity from luminous clocks and watches and television sets should be reduced.

Stock Answer

On a recent visit to the village of Berkswell in Warwickshire, I noticed that the stocks standing on the green had the rather unusual number of five ankle-holes.

I was told that, at the time they were constructed, a habitual local offender was a man with a wooden leg—hence the odd hole.—R. E. SOTHCOTT, Coventry, Warwickshire.

Absent Friend

I knew Lutembe, the tame crocodile, well (*Zanzabuku*, JOHN BULL, May 19), as I lived about ten miles away from his haunt for fifteen years. Sometimes another, younger crocodile would appear instead of him, and his African "manager" would tell us that Lutembe was very kindly watching his wife's eggs and had sent one of his sons in his place. The African would slap the water with a large fish and call up the crocodile—a performance which was always a wonderful stand-by for entertaining visitors and children.

We missed him very much when he stopped appearing, and we felt we had lost a friend.—MRS. B. S. KERR, Canford Magna, Wimborne, Dorset.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

IT'S a six all right, though even the batsman's sorry. And it's an awful slight on a fast bowler to be clouted across the road. So that leaves the fielder to rescue the ball. Somehow it always seems to be *her* job, and the tough part is that she never knows when grown-ups are asleep. They really seem to enjoy just sitting there with their eyes shut, waiting to pounce on trespassers. But the game must go on. Batchelor's cover girl, who (says the bowler) should have caught the ball in the first place, had better be ready to let the dozer bat next.

Persil for coloureds, too!

Who wouldn't feel carefree—dressed in such a swirl of colour? How much brighter the picnic will be when *she* gets there. Yet the dress isn't new—it's just that it's Persil-washed!

And here's the reason why Persil keeps colours bright as new—*Persil gets out every scrap of dirt.* You can *see* it does!

GENTLE, TOO, FOR HANDS AND NAILS

Yes, another blessing of Persil is that it's so very kind to your hands and nails—you can *feel* it is.

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8 ways Quick and Easy

Good meals—easily prepared—are what you want for home or picnic these summer days. Here are eight

1. Improve the taste of everything you eat with sliced bread.
2. Plan picnic perfection with a refreshing cyder—sweet or dry.
3. Add that extra flavour with a smooth-spreading margarine.
4. Enjoy a different cereal that's crisp, nourishing, flavoured.

1

You can make your sandwiches in half the time and twice as tasty by making them with

Hovis
wrapped and sliced

Hovis
is the slice of life

3

There's something better to eat in
Summer County sandwiches

Because it spreads so easily—and you can taste the butter in it—use Summer County for the nicest outdoor meals and picnics.

PICNIC HINT:
To prevent dry or soggy sandwiches—and to save time before you set out—take bread, Summer County and fillings with you to the picnic; make your sandwiches on the spot with smooth-spreading Summer County.

Summer County Margarine

contains 10% full-cream butter

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2

Good oh!
Gay's getting the Gaymer's!

Big, sparkling flagons of it! Sweet or dry, it's wonderful stuff for a summer thirst. Take some along on picnic days, *and* keep a stock at home. You can afford it!

FREE! 12 new Gaymer's Recipes

Next time you get in the Gaymer's, ask for a new Gaymer's Leaflet. 12 new drink and cooking recipes—all winners.

GAYMER'S Cyders

GAYMER'S SWEET • GAYMER'S DRY
OLD ENGLISH VINTAGE

4

Deliciously different from all other Cereals!

Shreddies
TRADE MARK
CEREAL

KEITH MONK

to enjoy Summer Meals

happy suggestions for snacks, sandwiches or main dishes sure to meet with all the family's approval.

5. Try Tuna at its sea-fresh best—all food and no waste.
6. Serve a fresh fruit jelly with every meal, it's always popular.
7. Guarantee successful meals every time with canned meats.
8. Preserve the freshness of food with "Porothene" bags.

5

Just open a can of

JOHN WEST'S Middle-Cut BRAND

TUNA

and you've a good square meal all ready to eat

A tasty meal. A nourishing meal. All food and no waste. That's John West's Middle-Cut brand Tuna. John West's is tuna at its sea-fresh best. Caught when the fish is in its prime. And only the tastiest, meatiest, most tender cut of all is canned.

There isn't a better buy than John West's Middle-Cut brand Tuna. The price hasn't gone up in four years. Give some to your family today. They'll love it! **And you can make delicious sandwiches with it, too.**

HERE ARE TWO ATTRACTIVE RECIPES

Red Tuna Sandwich

1 7-oz. can JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE-CUT brand TUNA
3 dessertspoons mayonnaise or salad cream
1 dessertspoon prepared mustard
3 dessertspoons JOHN WEST'S brand TOMATO KETCHUP
Juice of half lemon

Drain the oil from the tuna, then place the fish in a basin, add the other ingredients and mix all of them together. Use as a spread between bread, or biscuits. For party sandwiches spread between one slice of white bread and one slice of brown for each sandwich.

Tuna Club Sandwich

For each sandwich: 3 slices toast
2 tablespoons JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE-CUT brand TUNA
Slice luncheon meat fried crisp Tomato or onion slices
Mayonnaise or salad dressing Lettuce Pickles

Remove crust from three slices hot toast. Spread one slice with a thin layer of mayonnaise. Place on this the lettuce and tuna. Cover with another slice toast, spread with mayonnaise, and put on the luncheon meat and the tomato or onion slices, top with third slice of toast. Garnish with chopped pickles. Cut into four pieces.

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quick and delicious

CONTINENTAL SANDWICHES
Arrange shredded lettuce on bread, cover with strips of Libby's Corned Beef, and decorate with sliced cucumber and tomato. *A tasty snack, ready in a minute.*

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Slices of Libby's Corned Beef on crispy lettuce with tomatoes, beetroot, spring onions, etc. *Quick, easy, and such a family favourite.*

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Use Libby's Corned Beef to make the savoury filling in your usual way. *Taste the delicious difference.*

Libby's tastes so good because it *is* good; Libby's choose only top quality beef.

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CORNED BEEF

READY WHEN YOU ARE—KEEP A TIN HANDY

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8

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SPECIAL BAGS for STORAGE of Dresses, Coats, Blankets, Shoes, Sportswear, Woollens, Basin covers, etc., or "Porothene" by the yard. All obtainable from your local Store.

There's nothing better than a "POROTHENE" Hygienic plastic Bag in which to pack the goodies for lunch or PICNIC. Keeps food fresh, free from dust, contamination and they're greaseproof and waterproof, too. Ideal for the PICNIC salad. Don't forget with "Porothene" Bags you can pack food the night before. Use them in the refrigerator for meat, cheese, butter, salad, fish, etc. Bread and cakes will never get dry and biscuits won't get "soggy" in "Porothene." Visit your local Store today, or send coupon at once for sample offer, and free illustrated leaflet.

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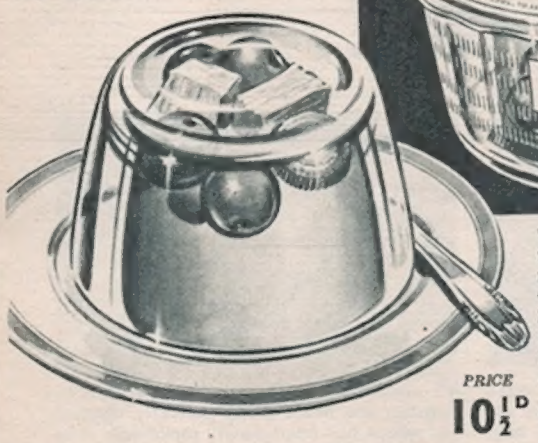
... turns out nice always!

With real fruit including pineapple, cherries, angelica etc.



With JIFFI-JELLI in the larder there's always a popular sweet made, set and ready to serve. Over ½lb. pure jelly, orange or lemon flavoured. Firm, attractive and containing real fruit. A fine sweet-course by itself. Try it also with custard or ice cream!

PRICE **10½D** *in useful glass Jelly Moulds from all grocers.*

Another delightful speciality from the "Sunny Spread" people, Cherry Tree Works, Watford, Hertfordshire
CVS-21

Enjoy *another* packet of CAPSTAN

Enjoy Capstan quality – smoother... finer flavour !

I'll say they're fine cigarettes! There's nothing to touch the fine flavour of good tobaccos carefully blended. Give me a Capstan every time — the most enjoyable cigarette I've ever smoked.

Every Capstan cigarette is firmly packed! Hold a Capstan between your fingers—see for yourself how well packed it is. Light up and enjoy the smoother, finer flavour.

My husband won't smoke any other make of cigarette! And you'll never catch me without a packet of Capstan in my bag, since I found out how smooth and good they are.

All round a better quality cigarette— Capstan are made from perfectly ripened leaf which has been slowly mellowed. And then, skilful blending makes a world of difference.

CAPSTAN cigarettes are blended better

CC52T

An enthralling new serial of love and intrigue set in the grandeur and violence of the Indian Mutiny . . .

Shadow of the moon

by M. M. KAYE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

ON a burning day in the late summer of 1856, a carriage turned into the grounds of Lunjore Residency through a huge, castellated gateway of whitewashed stone. The gateway, high enough to allow for the passage of a howdahed elephant, was splashed with flamboyant colour from the bougainvillaea that climbed its sides and hung in great masses from the parapet.

The carriage drew up under a stone porch festooned with flowering creeper, and a startled *chuprassi* gaped at the girl in the close-fitting riding habit who descended from it. The Residency servants had been aware for many months of their master's approaching marriage, but they had not expected the bride for another two weeks.

"Yes," agreed Durga Charan, the head *chuprassi*, adjusting his turban with an agitated hand, "the Commissioner

Alex had warned Winter and she had not listened. Now, harshly, he asked: "Did you marry him?" The answer was barely a breath: "Yes"

Sahib is at home. But he can see no one. He is indisposed. He is far too sick to receive visitors."

"I know," said Winter de Ballesteros. "That is why I have come. Show me to his room."

The head *chuprassi,* already bewildered by this young white woman who showed such unexpected command of his own language, made an ineffectual attempt to stop her, but Winter swept past him and into the wide hall.

The bedroom of Mr. Conway Barton, Commissioner of Lunjore, was darkened by curtains drawn across the windows, and it smelled unpleasantly of sickness and brandy. Winter walked over to the bed and looked down at the bloated, unrecognizable face of the man lying in it.

Was this—*could* this be Conway? She had expected to find a worn, haggard skeleton of a man, wasted by fever, and the fat, bloated face, yellow in the dim light of the curtained room, was entirely and unexpectedly shocking.

The reek of stale spirits made her draw back sharply. Had they been dosing him with brandy? Surely that was not a good thing for fever?

Then she remembered Mr. Carroll telling her in Delhi that the commissioner had a "swelling fever." Of course—that was why Conway looked so bulky and bloated. No wonder he tried to delay her arrival in Lunjore. He had not wanted her to see him like this.

She leaned over Conway and laid a cool, gentle hand on his forehead. He grunted and opened his eyes with an effort. He stared up at the girl for a long time, trying to focus her.

"Conway—it's Winter," the girl said softly. "Conway, don't you know who I am? Why did you not tell me that you were ill? It's Winter, Conway."

Lottie fought to get to her husband. But she was caught and dragged, struggling and screaming, to the battlements

At long last, through the sick, agonizing torment that filled the commissioner's head and stomach, the sense of the words penetrated. Winter! It wasn't the brandy. This was the fortune he was going to marry; the ugly, skinny, dark-eyed creature he had last seen in England five years before, when she was twelve. She was here.

How she had got here he did not know. Surely he could not have collapsed from the effects of a debauch and been unconscious for weeks? Hardly. What did it matter anyway? The girl was here.

He lay still, with closed eyes, trying to think, dimly aware of disaster and the need for action. Presently he peered up at Winter under half-closed lids and said thickly: "Didn't expect you. Good of you t'come. Call Ismail, there's a good girl. M'bearer."

The portly bearer, who had been hovering outside the door with a whispering and curious crowd of servants, hurried to his master's side. After a brief and muttered colloquy he turned to Winter and salaamed deeply.

"If the Miss-sahib will follow me," he said, "I will show her to her room, and refreshment will be brought. The *Huzoor* wishes me to attend upon him."

"Go with him," Conway said, forcing the words with an effort. "Y'can come back later."

Winter reluctantly obeyed. Conway Barton waited until the door closed upon her, then crawled out of bed and dragged himself to the bathroom.

The water in the earthenware *gurra* was cold from the cool night, and he took a tin dipper and sloshed it over his head and shoulders, shuddering at the shock of the chilly cataract on his hot, sweating body and coldly sweating head.

ISMAIL, returning, applied a variety of well-tried remedies, and the commissioner groaned and staggered back to his bedroom to subside heavily into a chair.

"The Miss-sahib, hearing that the *Huzoor* was suffering from illness, hurried from Delhi in her haste to care for him," said Ismail, laying out clean linen.

Illness! She had said something to that effect, so she had. Why, of course! An innocent creature like that could have no experience of drunkenness. She imagined him to be suffering from some illness.

He had been afraid that she would refuse to marry him when she learned the truth about him. But she had not learned the truth . . . yet.

The thing now was to expedite the marriage before she could do so. And, as the commissioner wondered painfully how this was to be done, the way opened before him with surprising simplicity.

The girl was here alone. There was no one she knew in Lunjore, and she could not stay the night in his house unless she were married to him. It was all going to be quite easy. He would send for the padre and explain why, in order to protect the young bride's reputation, the wedding must be performed immediately.

Revived and invigorated by the prospect, he stumbled back to bed, ordering Ismail to send a message to the Padre-sahib requesting his instant presence, and another to Colonel Moulson, one of the closest of his cronies among the army officers stationed at Lunjore, to say that he wished to see him.

"And send in the barber to me," the commissioner went on. "Get this room cleaned up—open all the windows and clear the air a bit. And keep the Miss-sahib out of here, d'you hear? Tell her I'm asleep—in m'bath—anything. But keep her out! Now *hut jao*—and *jeldi*!"

The padre, the Reverend Eustace Chillingham, arrived shortly afterwards. He was a thin young

"Hoax!" said Barton. "Can't be anything else." Alex looked at the bloated figure on the sofa. "I'm afraid not, sir," he said

man suffering from weak eyes and incipient malaria. He listened with an attempt at concentration to the explanation of the young lady's unexpected arrival and unprotected state. He agreed, shivering with ague, that immediate marriage seemed the best solution to the difficulty and that, as the bridegroom was unfortunately in poor health, the ceremony could be performed in the house.

Three hours later, in the cool, dim drawing-room of the Residency, Winter stood before a makeshift altar between burning candles and was married to Conway Barton, the Commissioner of Lunjore, in the presence of Colonel Moulson and another Indian Army officer, Major Mottisham.

The Reverend Eustace Chillingham left immediately after the ceremony; but, to Winter's distress, Conway refused to return to his bed.

"Bed? Nonsense!" he exclaimed." "Never felt better in me life. Told you I was on the mend. Don't get married every day of the week. I've sent out to tell some of me friends, and they'll soon be over. They'll want to see the bride."

He turned to Winter. "You're the Commissioner's Lady now, m'dear. You'll have to learn to do the honours. Have some champagne. Capital stuff for putting life into yer. You'll find we keep a good cellar. Hey there, Rassul, bring another bottle!"

He toasted Winter and looked her over with considerable approval. Between pain and nausea and his fear that her unexpected arrival might result in his losing the fortune that she represented, he had been able to spare little attention for her personal appearance. Now, however, secure and in triumph, he took stock of his bride.

Winter had enormous dark eyes under delicate black brows that curved like swallows' wings. Her face was the colour of warm ivory, wide at the brow and pointed at the chin. The mouth was too wide and too full to suit the accepted standards of beauty of 1856, but it was a mouth, all the same, to set a man's pulses beating. The thick waves of hair that sprang from a widow's peak on her forehead held a blue, burnished gleam.

The commissioner decided that fate had been kind to him. Winter was a very beautiful young woman.

Then the carriages and men on horseback began to arrive, and the room filled with noisy strangers. There were not many of them, perhaps a dozen in all, but to Winter there appeared to be twice or three times that number. The noise, the loud laughter, the congratulations and the curious, appraising stares, the bold approval of the men and the cool eyes and over-familiarity of the women bewildered her.

There were only two women among the guests. Neither of them was the kind Winter would ever have felt drawn towards, and now they made her feel young and stiff and gauche. They were both considerably older than she was, and they appeared to know Conway well.

Mrs. Wilkinson was small, plump and pretty. She jangled a great many bracelets, smelled strongly of violet essence and had rolling, blue eyes and a high-pitched laugh. Mrs. Cottar was tall and thin, red-haired and ugly. She appeared to be a favourite with the gentlemen.

Lucy Cottar possessed a malicious wit and little kindness towards her own sex. She had no conscience in the matter of other women's husbands. But something in Winter's bewildered eyes gave her a twinge of compunction.

"You must find it a little confusing at first," she said, "meeting so many people whom you do not know and who all know your husband so well." She smiled. "But you will soon know us just as well as he does."

"I—I hope so," Winter said uncertainly.

"You must not expect much entertainment here," Mrs. Cottar went on. "We do our best, but if you have been led to expect a gay life

Continued on page 34

Ice-calm Angela

by DAVID MILLWOOD

Tough tactics and ruthless psychology have made Angela Mortimer a champion. Playing to win leaves her no room for feminine graces

"Mort" has no natural aptitude for tennis. "I am better than most because I work harder," she says

WITH the score at set-all in the final round of the Scandinavian Tennis Championships at Oslo a few years ago, a phlegmatic, determined girl from Devon confounded her opponent by calmly walking off the court. Asked where she thought she was going in the middle of the match, Angela Mortimer replied coolly: "For a ten-minute break."

Her opponent, who had won the second set and was anxious to follow up her advantage, protested that a break was not allowed.

"I'm not going to waste time arguing with you," Angela told her brusquely. "Read the rules." Marching off to the changing-rooms, she took a shower, put on a clean blouse and shorts, drank a cup of tea and returned to the court feeling refreshed and confident. In the final set, her fast, accurate shots completely overwhelmed the other girl, who was by then, she says, "somewhat demoralized."

Tough tactics and a ruthless exploitation of opponents' faults have made Angela Mortimer Britain's number one woman player, although her reputation is for courage and tenacity rather than for superb tennis. As well as overcoming her rivals on the court, she has had to face a barrage of criticism from tennis experts who said, in 1949, that she would "never get rid of that slice"; in 1950, that she would never have a backhand; in 1952, that she would never get anywhere as she couldn't volley; and, two years later, that she would never be fit, after a breakdown in health, for first-class tennis again.

In each case, Miss Mortimer proved them wrong. Within eight months of her comeback in October, 1954, she had won or successfully defended four international titles. As a contender at Wimbledon this year, she has been regarded as the first serious challenger to the Americans that this country has produced for twenty years.

A shrewd rival in the psychological warfare of championship tennis, Angela Mortimer has no time for the feminine graces once she has a racket in her hands.

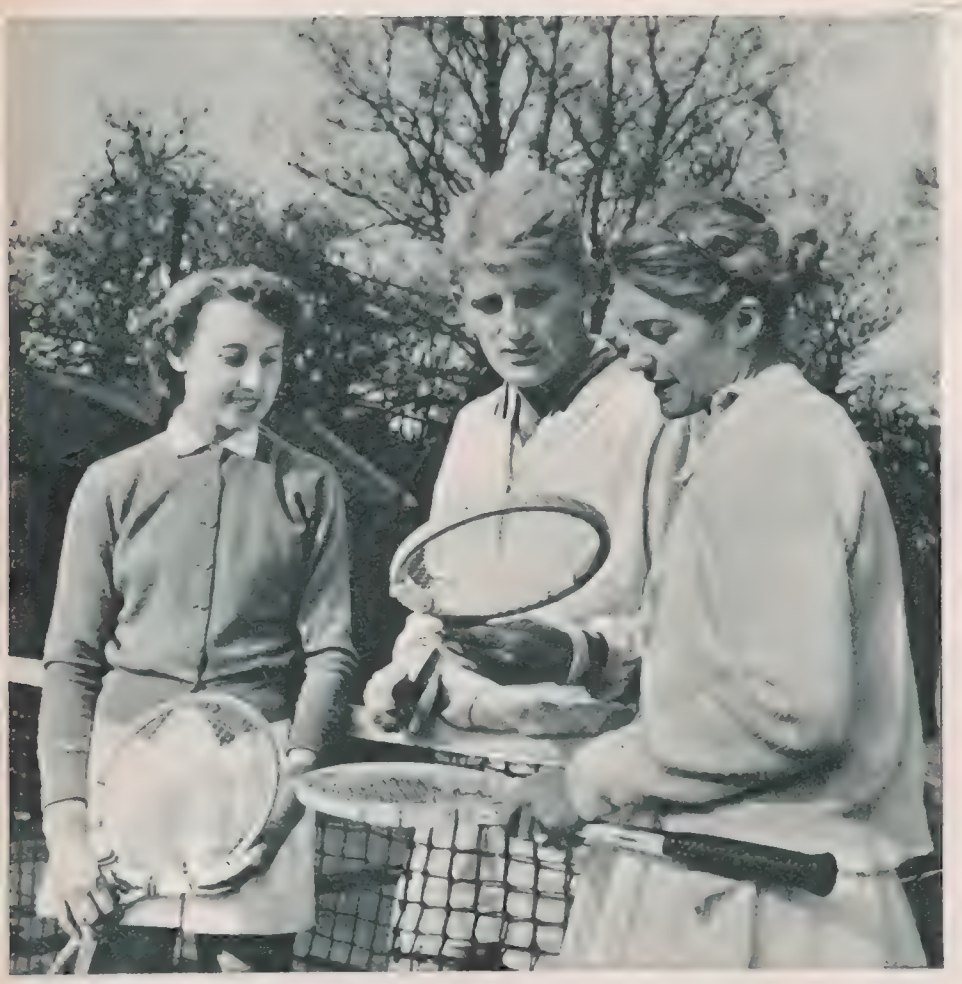
Half-way through a match last year against Ann Shilcock, with whom she had won the doubles championships at Wimbledon a few weeks before, Angela began to return all her opponent's services, including faulty ones. Unknown to her, Ann Shilcock complained to the referee of the match, who called Angela to his office and demanded an explanation.

In her defence, Angela claimed that a number of services she considered to have landed out of court had been allowed by the umpire. "I can't afford to take the risk of not returning them." Her argument convinced the referee, who upheld her right to return doubtful services, and thus gave her an important advantage.

ANGELA, who was twenty-four last April, is a quiet, intelligent young woman with a single-minded enthusiasm for her sport. Arthur Roberts, her coach since 1948, says: "I have to be careful that she does not overwork herself. Two years ago, after working strenuously all winter to improve her net play, she collapsed and was out of tennis for six months. But she had corrected her weakness."

One of Angela's favourite pastimes used to be table-tennis, but she found that the game affected her tennis strokes and immediately gave it up. Last winter, she refused three invitations to appear on television because each would have meant missing a day's practice.

Popularity does not seem to concern her: among tennis players, who know her as "Mort," she is respected more often than liked. Partial deafness, which helps her to concentrate while she is playing, sometimes causes her to be short



Angela examines a racket with Lew and Jennifer Hoad, the Australian players. On court, Angela is respected more often than liked

or non-committal with reporters. On her first morning in Oslo for the 1954 Scandinavian Championships, press photographers phoned her hotel and asked to take pictures of her sitting up in bed. Piqued by her refusal, they explained that all the other women players had agreed and that such poses were in accordance with Norwegian newspaper custom. "I am English. It is not the custom in my country," Angela retorted, and hung up.

Even as a novice playing in her first tournament, she refused to be bossed. Her doubles partner, Paddy Roberts, exasperated by her mulish refusal to go up to the net, vowed that he would never play with her again.

An unspectacular player with no stylish strokes or forceful attack, Angela Mortimer has no natural aptitude for the game and has to learn every shot the hard way—by constant practice. "I am better than most," she says bluntly, "because I work harder." In the last three years, no British woman has defeated her.

The stoical calm which Angela displays on the court is the envy of many of her rivals. The only signs of emotion she displays are lowered eyes and a firmer set of the jaw when things are going badly, or, at the end of a winning match, a smile of pleasure.

Other British players at the Pan-American Championships in Mexico City last year criticized her for accepting an unfair decision with only a token protest. At a tense moment in the finals, the Mexican champion served her with a ball that the linesman declared a fault. There was an immediate outcry from the crowd, the linesman changed his mind, and the umpire confirmed his decision. To the non-Mexicans present, it was a clear case of officials giving way under pressure.

Angela refused to be drawn into the arguments that followed. "I considered it more important to remain calm than quibble over one lost point." After the incident, she turned an apparently lost set into a 7-5 win, and became Pan-American Champion.

Distractions which tend to put more temperamental players off their stride often work to her advantage. When she was losing points heavily to Fanny Ten Bosch in the 1954 Belgian Championships, a crowd of spectators carrying collapsible metal chairs invaded the court and interrupted play. The news had reached them that the English girl was about to go down in the first round, and they had arrived to be in at the kill.

Miss Ten Bosch protested as the invaders were marshalled into order. Miss Mortimer stood by twisting her racket, silent and composed. When play resumed, the Dutch girl's concentration had gone, and Angela knew it. She turned the tables and added the Belgian Championships to her other titles.

Says Arthur Roberts, "Angela's ability to remain unflustered and alert in moments of crisis is exceptional. Nothing alters her composure."

According to her mother, Angela displayed this characteristic as a child. At the age of five, she used to carry her baby brother upstairs. One day, her elder sister Jenefer, who was climbing in front, dropped a bowl of goldfish on the top step. The bowl shattered and the fish were scattered over the landing. While her mother, nanny and elder sister stood gaping at the catastrophe, Angela handed over the baby, scooped the fish into her skirt and rushed them to the bathroom.

It was a demonstration nine years ago by Kay Stammers in Plymouth, where Angela was then living, that aroused her interest in tennis. Some months later, she read in a newspaper that Arthur Roberts, the professional at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, was offering free coaching to any promising local youngster under fourteen.

Roberts recalls that the pale-faced, stoop-shouldered schoolgirl of sixteen who came to him one day in 1948 did not appear to have the makings of a champion. She had never belonged to a club or played for her school and could not even hold a racket properly.

"She was as raw as they make 'em," he says. "I told her she was too old, lived too far away and should set her mind at something more useful.

"A few months later, Angela appeared again and said: 'I live in Torquay now—can I have coaching?' Her mother told me later that Angela had forced the family to move to Torquay simply to get coaching. When I said that was ridiculous, Mrs. Mortimer replied: 'You don't know Angela.'"

To humour the girl, Roberts allowed her to knock balls against the wall of a covered court before it was booked at 10 a.m., or during the lunch hour. "Next morning at eight o'clock—half dark and damned cold—Angela was there. She went off at ten, returned at one and disappeared again at two. This went on, without a word to anyone, every day for a month. I decided then to put her doggedness to some use."

Roberts tried her as a "chopping block" for a potential champion. Angela's answer to this was to learn to slash everything back across the net somehow until she was making the stylish young hopeful look foolish by "stealing" first points and then games.

"It was this that convinced me Angela was the potential champion," says Roberts. To establish her quickly among her contemporaries he taught her the sure method for quick results: to take everything on her own forehand and slice it out to her opponent's backhand. The strategy was crude but effective. Angela won five handicaps in a row, reached the semi-final at Junior Wimbledon in the singles and won the doubles—all in six months.

Today, Angela still spends two hours in twenty-four at practice—she steps it up to three hours immediately before a tournament—and allows nothing to interfere with tennis. "When I was unknown," she says, "I had a reputation for being snooty and stand-offish because I spent so much time on my own, at practice. Nowadays, people give an understanding smile or murmur something sympathetic about the price a champion has to pay."

Several leading designers have offered to provide her with playing clothes free of charge, but she considers that fancy clothes are a distraction and prefers a plain blouse and shorts. A reluctant celebrity who dislikes being fussed over, she shuns social engagements and spends most of her spare time at her home in the village of Kingskerswell, a few miles from Torquay. An interviewer asked her recently what she does apart from playing tennis. Angela thought for a moment, then replied: "Well, I sometimes take the dog for a walk."

In tournament play, her remarkable speed and stamina make up for her lack of athletic physique. During a two-and-a-half hour duel with Dorothy Knode in the finals of the French Hard Court Championships last summer, there were times when Angela appeared close to collapse in the searing heat. A tricky wind so confused her that she won only six points in the first four games and lost the first set in twenty-two minutes. The high, bouncing balls that Mrs. Knode fed to her every time she was in difficulties seemed to have her rattled. But after fighting her way to the final set, she emerged from a series of long and exhausting rallies with a 9-8 lead. "By that time," says one observer, "the crowd was breathless with excitement."

At such a critical stage, neither player was expected to take any chances. Then the English girl, with premeditated daring, ended a long base-line rally by placing an unexpected drop-shot just over the net. It was match point. A great roar went up from the crowd for "La Mort," the first British woman to win the French title since 1934.

As she walked off the court holding the cup, people rushed to congratulate her. Overcome with pleasure and embarrassment, the new champion thrust the cup into the hands of a reporter and disappeared into the ladies' cloakroom.

THE END

Wizards at War

The Royal Navy's inventing team had signed up its strangest recruit—an unhappy genius who made the astounding claim . . .

'I can lay a road across the sea'

by GERALD PAWLE

PART 4

"THIS discovery of mine may revolutionize warfare," said Ronald Hamilton. "You can lay a sheet of canvas on water and roll a wheeled object over it just as if the canvas were laid on the ground. Look at these pictures. . . ."

It was an afternoon in February, 1942. Earlier that day Sir Edward Appleton, secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, had phoned Charles Goodeve. "I wonder if you could find time to see a man named Hamilton," he said. "He's an extraordinary fellow, an inventor, and he's got a laboratory fitted up in a bombed wing of the Grosvenor Hotel. He's working on some ideas which may interest you."

At that moment Goodeve was not keen to see anyone. As scientific head of the Wheezers and Dodgers—the navy's Directorate of Miscellaneous Weapon Development—he was always desperately busy on secret research tasks. And just now he was about to leave for America. But he knew Appleton well enough to know that a suggestion from him was worth following up right away. After lunch he collected one of his department officers, and they set out for Victoria.

When they asked for Hamilton at the reception desk they were shown into a wing which ran out at right-angles to the main building, over part of Victoria station roof. Over everything hung the musty odour of disuse, and their footsteps echoed loudly on bare boards.

From one of the rooms leading off the passage a man came forward to greet them. Shortish in height, with a good-looking sensitive face, he appeared to be in his middle forties. He carried his right arm stiffly, and Goodeve noticed that he had a withered hand.

"I'm so glad you were able to come," he said as he led the way down the corridor. "I'd like you to see some of my models. I've had to build my own experimental tank. Not a very neat job, I'm afraid, but it was a lot cheaper than getting people to build one for me. No money to spend on frills here."

He laughed a little harshly. Glancing at him again, Goodeve saw the tired lines round his eyes, and suddenly he sensed that Hamilton was under considerable stress.

They came to the home-made water-tank—and Goodeve marvelled at the ingenuity of the man who had created it. It was fully two hundred feet long, and fashioned out of a vast expanse of linoleum and a double row of old bricks. Overhead ran electric cables, and these supplied power to a number of strange model craft floating on the surface of the water. The whole thing could not have cost more than a few pounds.

When Hamilton handed him his photographs, Goodeve stared at them in fascination. On a carpet of thin chestnut fencing stakes, supported only by a tarpaulin, a boy was riding a motorcycle across a stream.

"My son Peter helped me with these experiments. Even carrying a passenger he could cross the water at high and low speeds quite comfortably. Now, you see what this means, don't you?"

He turned back to the tank. "This theory of mine—I call it Rolling Dynamic Buoyancy—can solve one of our greatest problems in an amphibious assault. My floating bridge gives you the link between the ships and the shore. Perhaps you'd like to examine this model. . . ."

Goodeve leaned over the tank. There, floating on the water, was a miniature roadway made of strips of wood and canvas and anchored by wires fore and aft. Hamilton began to run a model truck across it, and as the truck moved along the hinged sides of the bridge turned up to form a narrow lane. As the truck left each section the sides of the bridge dropped back again to their original horizontal position.

Hamilton dived back into his workroom and produced a sheaf of drawings. "You will see here that there is no problem in transporting the bridge. It rolls up like a length of wire netting, and it will unroll just as easily in the water; the sea will take all the weight."

"What loads have you got in mind, and how far can this bridge of yours be extended?" asked Goodeve.

"It should easily carry a ten-ton truck a mile to the shore. As I see it, we can make the bridge in one-thousand-foot sections of Douglas fir planks."

Goodeve glanced again at the model floating in the tank. "What happens if a lorry breaks down on the bridge?" he asked.

"That shouldn't cause any real trouble," said Hamilton. "You saw the hinged sides rise up

Fixed in the narrow track, the lorry

out of the water when the track was pressed down. They formed a sort of shallow boat round the truck which travelled along with it. If the truck stops in a choppy sea the depression will gradually fill with water, of course, but it will be several hours before that part of the bridge becomes waterlogged. There will be plenty of time to tow away any vehicle that has broken down. Normally, of course, the bridge is self-emptying. As soon as the load moves away, all the sea water flows out again over the flat sides."

WHEN Goodeve and his colleague had asked more questions they turned to go, but Hamilton stopped them with a gesture towards his experimental tank.

"I don't suppose you would be interested in the other things I'm working on here, but my Train Ship could bring the war in Europe to an end if they would give me the money to develop it. I call it Horatio."

He moved to the far end of the tank and pointed to a long object in the water. It was the strangest ship Goodeve had ever seen. Enclosed in an endless belt was a train of twelve electric locomotives. When Hamilton switched on the power these locomotives began to move

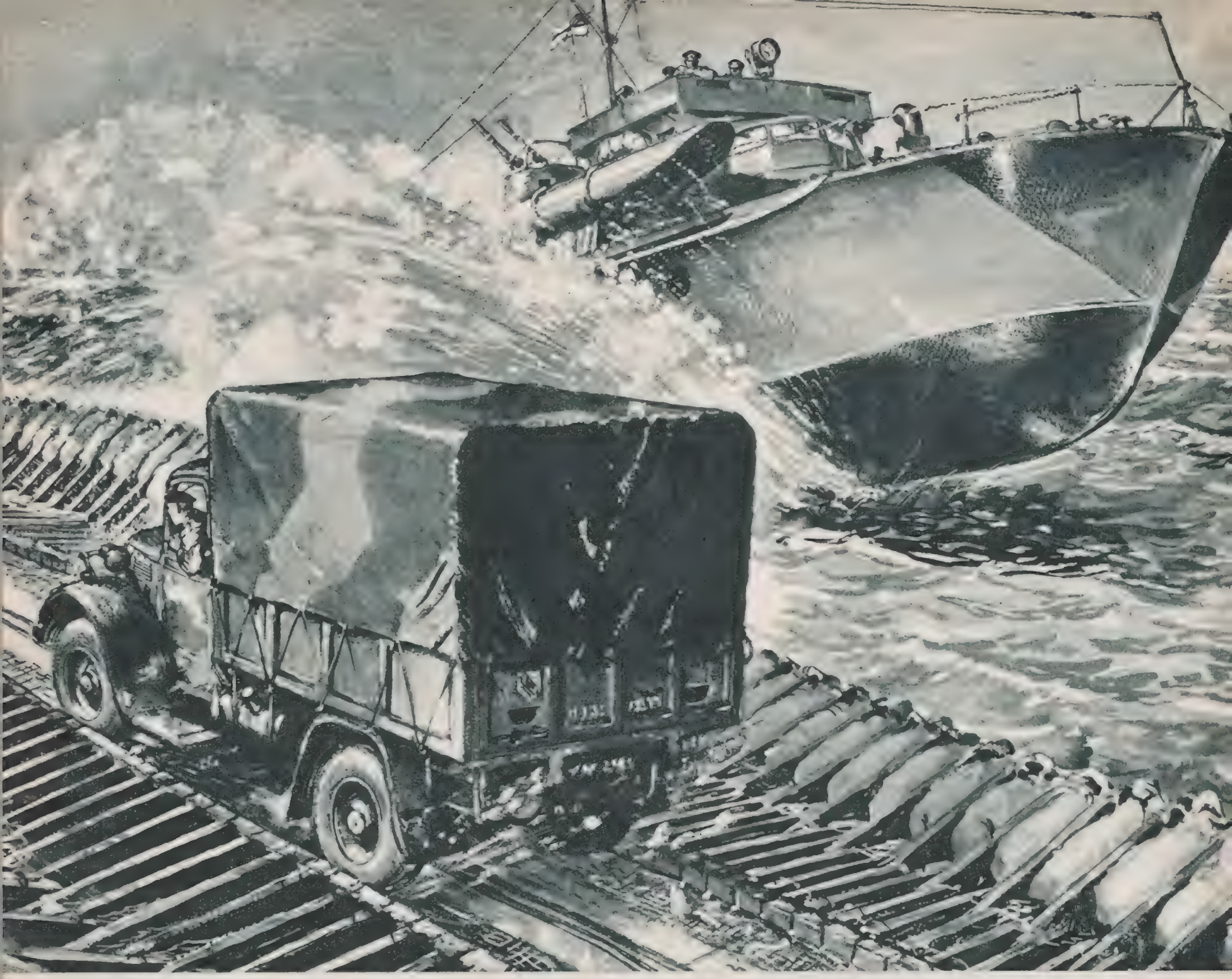


ILLUSTRATION BY CLIVE UPTTON

drove on steadily. This was the crucial moment. Deliberately, the M.T.B. captain brought his craft nearer, and great waves rose up . . .

rapidly along a track mounted on the inside of the belt, picking it up and carrying it forward over the roof of the train as the craft gathered speed.

"I have used an entirely new method of propulsion. This craft you see is driven by skin-friction. The scale model corresponds to a full-sized Train Ship three hundred and seventy feet long and weighing three thousand tons. . . ."

A silence fell on the long corridor, broken incongruously by the dull rumble of very different trains in Victoria Station.

"You talked about winning the war with this invention of yours," said Goodeve. "What is in your mind?"

Hamilton smiled a little wryly. "You probably think this is all very far-fetched," he said. "But theoretically it is possible to produce a vehicle, working on this principle, which will move not only over firm land and sea, but over ice, snow or marshes. From this country, and from far away in America and the Commonwealth, a fleet of these high-speed amphibious trains could converge on the very heart of Germany. Some could act as mobile battering rams, flattening a path across occupied Europe for other trains to follow. You could have destroyer trains, remote-controlled and carrying enough high explosive to lay waste whole cities . . . and other trains for carrying troops and supplies far behind the enemy lines."

As if the thought of engineering so great a devastation oppressed him, Hamilton began to talk of a world at peace.

"One of these craft could do the journey from the centre of London to New York in forty-eight hours. Aero engines driving dynamos will give me all the power I need, and fuel costs will be far lower than for the conventional liner. This marks the greatest advance in propulsion since steam succeeded sail."

Goodeve and his colleague saw other things in the corridor that afternoon. Among them was a torpedo unlike any so far devised for submarine warfare.

"Hercules here is another of my pet projects," said Hamilton. "He's a versatile chap. Works on the same principle as the Train Ship. He'll do over one hundred miles an hour under water, and he can climb ashore and overcome any beach defences. . . ."

Hamilton paused. "I'd better not start telling you about Hercules, though," he said. "I've kept you far too long already."

Goodeve looked at his watch. Afternoon had merged into early evening. In the quiet of the corridor they had lost all sense of time, and he remembered that he still had much to do before midnight.

Hamilton led the way down the damaged staircase, and as they hailed a taxi in the dark street Goodeve said to him: "Send me all your data on the Floating Bridge. I think we can do something with that. I shall be out of the country for a short time, but my staff will see that it is examined."

The cab circled to head towards Grosvenor Place, and he leaned forward to wave a farewell. But Hamilton had already disappeared, back to his strange experiments in the gloom of the deserted wing.

The idea of the Floating Bridge had first come to Ronald Marsden Hamilton fully a year before Goodeve's visit. Like so many other ideas of his in the past it had given him no peace, nagging at his mind and torturing him with visions of yet another failure.

All his life success had been a mirage, beckoning him on. Ronald Hamilton was a brilliant and original engineer, but he had none of the lucky breaks which even the genius needs to fortify his belief in himself.

He had been fifteen years old when the first

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An Auster takes off from a Lily airstrip designed by Ronald Hamilton. After the war Hamilton dreamed of using Lily strips as car parks on the Thames. Below: Ronald Hamilton and his brilliant son Peter, who worked with him on his inventions

World War began. Although unable to serve at sea because of his crippled arm he left school early and wangled his way into an Admiralty department dealing with ballistics. While still in his teens he discovered a formula for speeding range calculation; he also invented an ingenious device for correcting errors in gunnery elevation.

The war over, he went up to Oxford, and met and married Charlotte, a clever, good-looking girl who was reading economics. Oxford gave him an honours degree in mathematics, and for a time he taught at a succession of public schools . . . Rugby, Durham, Malvern. Then he plunged into a career as an inventor. He devised a self-changing gearbox; a method of determining the price of bagwash by volume; a totalizator, which was installed at Hurst Park; a pick-a-back aircraft; an automatic telephone system; an electric razor; and a radio set which recorded the programmes as they were broadcast. But in all his researches he was handicapped by lack of capital. And he lacked the business sense to exploit his ideas.

When war broke out it seemed useless to volunteer. No Service medical board would look at him twice, he reflected. But as a yachtsman —he had kept a boat at Burnham-on-Crouch— he offered his services for Dunkirk, and then, miraculously, found a way into the Patrol Service. A kindly naval surgeon ignored his crippled arm.

He could handle boats and men, so he was given the rank of petty officer. Until 1941 he remained at sea. Then he went to work for the Ministry of Aircraft Production, vetting inventions.

SLOWLY at first, his own inventive brain became geared to the problems of war. He began to experiment on the stream which flowed close to his cottage at Churt, exploring with growing excitement the principle of Rolling Dynamic Buoyancy.

By May, 1941, he felt sure he was on the brink of a major achievement. He left the ministry, and sent for Charlotte to join him in London. They decided to stay at the Grosvenor.

"How long will you want the room for?" asked the reception clerk as they booked in.

"We haven't really thought about it," said Hamilton. "We might stay indefinitely. . . ."

A heavy air raid had just begun. The guns were thundering, and even the great solid hotel building seemed to lift and rock as the bombs exploded nearby. The clerk looked at them curiously. It seemed a strange moment to be contemplating an indefinite stay in the heart of the battered city.

Two months later they discovered that a whole wing over one of the railway booking offices was out of action. They asked if they could take over, and the management, who plainly thought they were mad, said they could live there rent free.

When their elder son, Peter, came back from Eton at the end of July, and joined them at the hotel, they moved into their new quarters. Procuring a pile of old bricks and the linoleum Hamilton built his experimental tank in the passage and they settled down to attack the problems of Rolling Dynamic Buoyancy as a team.

In spite of his anxieties Hamilton was intellectually at his best during this period. But he suffered a good deal during the model-making. He insisted on doing all the intricate conversion work on the standard toy trains himself, and one evening, struggling vainly with a minute coupling, he cried out in exasperation: "Oh, God, how I wish I had two hands!" That was the only time Charlotte ever heard him complain about his disability.

Somehow they struggled on. Then, when they were almost at the end of their resources, came the meeting with Goodeve.

It was obvious to Goodeve that there were possibilities in several of the inventor's projects, but the Wheezers and Dodgers had to concentrate on immediate requirements. An effective link between ship and shore could play a vital part in the coming invasion, and it seemed to him that the Floating Bridge was a practical proposition, well worth developing. Hamilton was taken on to the strength of the department as a consulting engineer, with orders to concentrate on the Floating Bridge alone.

Finding a code name for the project was not difficult. When the prototype of the bridge was wound up on its spindle and ready for launching it looked just like a monster swiss roll.

The first step was to build an experimental, full-scale version of Swiss Roll, and by June, 1942, this was taking shape in the dockyard at Portsmouth. But there were problems to be overcome.

The bridge would have to be used at all hours of the day and night, and in all weathers. Adequate headlights might well be forbidden, and drivers of trucks trying to make the journey across the narrow, swaying track in pitch darkness, perhaps in heavy rain as well, would face the danger of running their vehicles into the sea. To rely on visual steering was obviously out of the question.

Hamilton then had a brainwave. After discussing his difficulty with London Transport

Continued on page 39

The man who married for money

by ***ROBERT STANDISH***

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Ernest was certainly a cad, but what a charming one! So Emily signed her will—and several death warrants

HYACINTHE DUPLESSIS lay asleep in the shade on a grassy sward just outside Cannes, which is on the French Riviera. It was summer. In winter, of course, he lay in the sun. It is hardly too much to say that, except when actively engaged in larceny of some kind, he was almost always horizontal.

Let us take a look at Hyacinthe Duplessis, for he is a handsome young man in the Mediterranean fashion. His next appearance but one is on a slab in the morgue, with his smiling good looks much impaired. He is the least important member of the cast and then only as an illustration of the truth that Fate uses strange tools to accomplish its end. There is no need, therefore, to waste time exploring his psyche. Let him slumber on for a few more months.

While Hyacinthe Duplessis was horizontal in Cannes, Mrs. Geraldine Abbott, widow of Gordon Abbott, the banker, was vertical in London, gazing out of her drawing-room window across the treetops of Green Park with a worried expression on her face. She was old and tired, conscious that the shadows of life were lengthening and that many things still remained to be done.

A maid came to the door and announced: "Mr. Masterson to see you, madam." Just like the first scene of a play.

Mr. Masterson, who appeared almost simultaneously, was a rubicund, white-haired old gentleman who, but for a lively pair of bright blue eyes, wore an air of gentle simplicity. He was a lawyer and the repository of the secrets of some of the richest and most important families in the land. He and Mrs. Abbott were old friends.

"I suppose," he said, when the maid had left the tea tray, "that you want to change your will again. What is it this time? A cats' home, or a foundation for gentlewomen in reduced circumstances?"

"Neither, George, and stop poking fun at me when I'm trying to be as fair and as sensible as I know how to be. . . . I've been thinking, and I've decided what must be the basic principle of my new will."

"Go on, Geraldine," said the old lawyer, his face and voice devoid of expression. "What is the basic principle?"

"Simply this, George, that I want my money to go to those people who have shown me the most kindness during my life. To my way of thinking that is the best way of distributing wealth."

"Frankly, my dear Geraldine, I am inclined to agree with you. It is not always possible, but in your case I think it is. The American poetess Ella Wheeler Wilcox was a bit trite at times, but she hit the nail square on the head when she said:

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

"People tend to laugh at things like that today. Not clever enough for them, I suppose. . . . And now," he went on briskly, "whose kindnesses do you want to repay?"

"I've a list here, George, but I don't expect you'll approve of them all."

"I don't, either, my dear, but we both know that that won't deter you in any way."

The lawyer took from Mrs. Abbott two pages of notepaper filled with her own neat handwriting. He studied the list for several minutes in silence.

"What," he asked at length, "did Mrs. Annie Ashworth do to deserve £2,000?"

"She was brave and kind," replied Mrs. Abbott. "She was my charwoman before the war. During the war, at the height of that awful bombing, and when there was no domestic help to be had, she not only came and worked for me, but on the really bad nights she came and sat with me. She was quite wonderful, never turned a hair. She made me ashamed of my own cowardice."

"Who is Major-General Sir Charles Wingrove?"

"He's a dear, doddering old man, who'll live to be a hundred and hasn't anything like enough money to do what he wants to do."

"Why are you leaving him £10,000?" asked the lawyer.

"That's my affair," replied Mrs. Abbott tartly, "and I decline to be questioned about it."

Her voice was sharp, but her eyes as she spoke were soft and misty.

"I see, like that, eh?" said Mr. Masterson.

THERE were in all some twenty-odd names on the list, and they had been remembered for reasons which seemed adequate to Mrs. Abbott. Nor, be it said, did the lawyer raise objections to any of them, although one legacy of £500 went to a young American airman who during the war on several occasions remembered to bring across bags of birdseed for Mrs. Abbott's budgerigars, which otherwise would have perished.

Birdseed, according to the British Ministry of Food, was not a wartime necessity. Mr. Masterson considered budgerigars frivolous.

"Very well," he said at length, "let us embody all these bequests in the will. But I suppose you realize," he added, doing a little lightning calculation, "that the total so far doesn't amount to a tenth of your estate *after* taxes. What about the other nine-tenths? As things stand under your last will, that nephew of yours, young Ernest Cooper, gets practically the lot. Do you want that to stand?"

"No, George, I do not. Remember, it's my husband Gordon's money I'm disposing of, and Gordon, as you may remember, had a horror of what he called gilded parasites.

"That, I fear, is what Ernest would become if left too much money. I intend to leave him enough to keep him from starvation, but not enough to destroy his incentive to work. After all, he's a properly qualified lawyer, and if his charges are remotely like yours, he'll be rich in no time."

"Aside from your remarks about my charges, Geraldine, I'm inclined to agree with you. Let him make his own way in the world. What about your other nephews and nieces? Anything for them?"

"Not a penny, George! They've neglected me shamefully."

"Then who gets the bulk of your fortune, my dear? I wonder if you know how rich you are?"

"Of course I know, George. The trouble with you is that you belong to the generation which thinks that all women are half-witted when it comes to the handling of money. But to answer your question, I want to leave the rest to Emily Potter, making her what you call my residuary legatee."

"Who in blazes is Emily Potter?"

"Emily Potter," replied Mrs. Abbott with reproof in her voice, "is my companion. She has shown me more kindness than all the rest of humanity put together. Am I being perverse in wishing to repay that kindness? I go farther, George, and say that without Emily these last years since Gordon's death would not have been tolerable.

"I don't want any comments from you either, George, because you don't know—you can't guess—what it is to be a lonely old woman who has outlived her welcome and her generation. The only worse fate would have been to be poor. At least I was spared that."

"It's your money, my dear," said the lawyer, "and if you want to chuck it away like a drunken sailor, I'm the last man to stop you, because I've reached the age when I haven't many illusions left about money. It's no longer important to me."

"To you, no, but to Emily it will be important. Poor dear Emily isn't the kind who attracts men, so she isn't likely to marry a rich husband, like I did. Soon, very soon now, I shall die, and if it doesn't lie within my power to make Emily's remaining years happy, I can at least make sure that she is lonely and miserable in the height of luxury—poor girl!"

The lawyer knew it was a waste of time offering further objection, so he prepared the will

In the little restaurant, Ernest proposed. "I've nothing to offer you, Emily," he said, "but you'd make me very happy . . ."

and three days later he and a clerk from his office duly witnessed Mrs. Abbott's signature. . . .

Emily Potter, quite unaware of her good fortune, continued to lighten the darkness of her employer's loneliness.

The worst of Emily was on the surface; the best, which was pure gold, lay hidden. Unless people chanced to look into her steady, honest grey eyes, they seldom took a second look at Emily Potter. It was her bad fortune to have been born into a world which concerned itself with superficialities.

Not long afterwards Ernest Cooper came to stay. He was tall, dark, handsome and he knew it. . . .

Take a postage stamp. Tear it in half. Tear the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths. Now take a pen, one with a stub point for preference, and upon the back of one of those eighths of a postage stamp set down boldly all the things which, given the opportunity, Ernest Cooper would *not* have done for money. Leave plenty of margin.

It is not too much to say that for the first five days Ernest Cooper stayed under his aunt's roof he gave no sign of being aware of Emily Potter's presence. He just did not see her. His eyes always seemed to be focused upon a spot to the left of her and slightly to the rear.

Emily, who was accustomed to being ignored by men, took this in her stride. Only one man had ever courted her favours and he—she told the story against herself—had been a somewhat myopic professor of philosophy. Emily was not, of course, as indifferent as she appeared to be: no woman ever is quite indifferent to male interest. But it had long ceased to trouble her for, at forty-two years of age, scar tissue had formed over her tender spots.

ERNEST COOPER, who pretended to practise law in the Midlands, paid periodical visits to his wealthy Aunt Geraldine, ostensibly in the rôle of gaily affectionate nephew, but in reality to keep tabs on her. His aunt, he knew, had little affection for him, but she had even less for the remainder of her nephews and nieces. His expectations, therefore, were good.

This visit differed in no way from previous visits except for a chance discovery made by Ernest Cooper, while Mrs. Abbott and Emily Potter were absent one evening at an Albert Hall concert.

Rummaging through the papers in his aunt's desk, with no particular object in view, he came across a copy of her will. Its terms struck him like a blow in the solar plexus, and for two reasons: firstly, he had never realized how wealthy his aunt was and, secondly, the pittance left to him was insultingly small.

Putting all the papers back exactly as he found them, Ernest Cooper went to his room and when his aunt and her companion returned they found a note to the effect that he had gone to bed early.

The opportunity to talk to Emily Potter came the next day when, quite accidentally, he saw her exercising the dachshunds in the park. "I'm glad I ran into you, Miss Potter," he said with a pleasing smile, "because I'd like to thank you for all your kindness to my aunt. You've made her last years very happy and I, for one, am most grateful to you."

"I don't need any thanks, Mr. Cooper," said Emily, delighted beyond all measure, "because, you see, I am devoted to your aunt. But thank you all the same. I suppose we all like to hear things like that said."

"If you will forgive me saying so, Miss Potter," said Ernest, striking while the iron was still hot, "being a companion to an old lady can't be a very—well, satisfying job. What I mean

Continued on page 31

Guardian of nature's ten thousand acres

by REX GRIZELL

James Polson rules a Highland kingdom. Wild animals are his friends, scientists his allies and poachers his foes

The public is admitted to all parts of the Beinn Eighe reserve. As warden, Polson welcomes campers and points out landmarks

Polson's wife, Maureen, enjoys life at their farm, Anancaun. But she has to travel fifty miles to the nearest large shopping centre

ONE cold, still morning during the winter of 1951, James Polson, warden of the Beinn Eighe nature reserve in Wester Ross, Scotland, found blood-stains on the snow near the road which forms the north-east boundary of the reserve. Deer poachers had been at work again. In the winter nights the deer come down from the exposed mountain sides to shelter in the valleys, and are often close to the road. Deer poachers work at night and always use a car. The deer, unapproachable during the day, are completely unafraid and continue feeding when picked out by a light at night. They become easy targets for the poachers' guns.

For thirteen consecutive nights, Polson and the local policeman made patrols lasting several hours each. Nothing happened. On the fourteenth night, Polson was in hiding at about three o'clock in the morning when he saw a car approaching. He knew at once that it was the poachers' car, for a third headlamp had been mounted on top so that the beam could be swivelled like a searchlight. The car moved slowly as the beam raked the moor. About a hundred yards beyond Polson the light picked out a group of deer and the car stopped.

As the shooting started, Polson moved silently towards the poachers. By the time he was within fifteen yards two deer had been pulled down to the road. Polson's loud challenge from the darkness startled the poachers. One man said "all right," the man with the rifle ran off and the third man jumped in the car and started the engine.

Before he could move off, Polson leaped in by the other door, jammed the gears and put the handbrake on, then took the ignition key. Knowing there were twenty miles of snow between the man who had bolted and the nearest large village, Polson waited for him to come back. He returned without the rifle. Polson sent him back for it, so that it could be produced in court. As a result of Polson's persistence the three men were convicted for offences against the Firearms Act and the Game Licences Act and were fined £15 each.

Polson, a lean, weatherbeaten Highland Scot of forty-three, with straight, dark hair and blue eyes, is employed by the Nature Conservancy, a government organization founded in 1949 which has established and controls more than forty-one national nature reserves. These reserves, scattered throughout Britain from the Shetlands to Somerset, include mountain, forest, marsh, moor, fen, estuaries and sand dunes.

Beinn Eighe, declared in 1951 as the first national nature reserve, is situated among some of the wildest and most beautiful mountain scenery in Britain. Red and roe deer live on the heather slopes, golden eagles soar over the reserve

With one of his four dogs, Polson patrols the

and sometimes nest in it. Buzzards, ravens and peregrine falcons nest in the rock cliffs of the mountain side. Stoats, hill foxes and wildcats prey on the smaller animals. The remnant of the ancient Caledonian pine forest on the shores of Loch Maree is one of the last homes of Britain's rarest mammal, the pine marten.

As warden of the 10,450-acre reserve, Polson's duties include policing against poachers, acting as guide for visiting scientists, taking daily weather observations for the Air Ministry, growing seedling pines for afforestation, observing the wild life so that he can advise zoologists of the likely whereabouts of rare species, and maintaining the balance of animal population.

Most of the soil at Beinn Eighe is poor and the reserve will support only a certain number of red deer. Every autumn, Polson has to reduce their numbers by shooting to prevent some of the deer from starving to death.

Sometimes it takes Polson several hours to stalk the deer to within shooting range. An expert shot who has won prizes for clay-pigeon shooting, Polson kills the deer with one shot from his .303. Unaided, he can bring a full-grown stag weighing about fourteen stone down the mountain. It may take until nightfall.

Once, to cut the distance short, he was lowering a stag over a cliff to a ledge thirty feet below when the rope broke. The deer fell to the ledge, slid a few feet across it and plunged a hundred feet down a precipice. Polson staggered as the

Scottish nature reserve at Kinlochewe. He protects some of the rarest wild animals in Britain there

rope broke, but, braced against the weight of the deer, he fell backwards and avoided rolling over the cliff.

In the simplest terms the work of Nature Conservancy experts is to study the "balance of nature," which is not static but continually adjusting itself. Interference by man, sudden diseases such as myxomatosis, improvident farming, extreme weather conditions—any one of these is bound to set up a chain reaction in nature which may have an adverse effect on a country's economy.

WHEN the Farne Islands, off the Northumberland coast, were taken over by the National Trust, the Atlantic grey seals which breed there became protected animals. The local salmon fishermen had previously shot them to safeguard their fishing.

As the protected seals multiplied, the fishermen complained that they were taking their salmon and damaging their nets and constituted a serious threat to their livelihood. The Nature Conservancy recommended that the seals should be reduced to a safe number, and maintained at that level by allowing the fishermen to shoot seals at the mouth of the Tweed, while protecting them in the breeding grounds.

Nature Conservancy wardens, such as Polson, can be of great assistance to scientists studying such problems. Where the scientist knows what might or should happen in certain conditions the warden, often with years of experience of one district, knows what is happening. In addition to daily observation, he has reliable sources of information among shepherds and foresters and others in close contact with nature.

At Anancaun, the farm where Polson lives, several rooms are kept for visiting botanists, zoologists and ornithologists, and there is a small laboratory.

An optimistic zoologist wanted to know where he could see a pine marten. Polson explained that pine martens are very shy, mainly nocturnal animals only likely to be seen by chance—he once saw a pair eating carrots in a local garden during a severe storm. But he told the man where he had seen pine marten tracks in the snow a week previously. The man returned exhausted after a twenty-mile walk, furious with Polson because the snow in the place had melted. "His manner suggested that I was personally responsible," says Polson.

Pine martens, once numerous in Scotland, were trapped in large numbers for their fur—they are related to the sable—and are now struggling for survival.

By contrast wildcats maintain their numbers. They have the reputation of being one of the fiercest and most untameable of all animals, and there are instances of men being killed by them. But Polson, who has seen them up to four feet long, believes that their first instinct, in common with other wild animals, is to get away from man rather than to attack. "If you remain still a wildcat will just snarl and go away. But he is savage when cornered."

His opinion is supported by the experience of Archibald MacDonald, warden on the Cairngorms reserve. The fierce barking of his dogs disturbed MacDonald one evening last winter. Thinking they were fighting he went out to separate them.

They had a wildcat cornered in the garage. MacDonald called the dogs off and, with a torch in one hand and a pick handle in the other, entered the garage. He was unwilling to kill the wildcat as they are rare in the district.

The animal snarled, clawed and spat viciously at him as he prodded to drive it out and refused to budge; MacDonald prodded harder. Suddenly the animal hurled itself at his face. MacDonald ducked and it disappeared.

The next night it returned to raid the henhouse and was killed by one of the dogs. When MacDonald examined the body he saw it was a young cat weakened by starvation. "If he had been full grown and healthy the dog would have had no chance," he says.

NATIONAL nature reserves are not national parks. They exist primarily for scientific purposes, and permits are required to visit some of them. Beinn Eighe is one where the public is allowed unrestricted access, but it is Polson's duty to warn visitors that they must not take away any of the interesting plants.

"Sometimes I have to remind people who should know better than to defy the regulations." On one occasion Polson was too late. A well-known professor of botany had got away with the only specimen of "Lady's Tress," a rare orchid.

Polson, born and bred in the Highlands, is often amused by the ignorance of both nature and the law which some tourists show. After spending a day on the mountain one woman flatly refused to believe that there were any red deer on the reserve. She sat for two hours on a rock "and not one went by."

Polson patiently told her that deer were difficult to see against their natural cover and that it was extremely unlikely that they would come close to a human being by accident, as they could easily pick up the scent in the wind eddies.

"She looked at me as if I had suggested she wasn't clean, and went away unconvinced," says Polson. In more than twenty years as a stalker, Polson has never been able to get within thirty yards of a deer.

At Anancaun, Polson keeps four dogs, chickens, two ponies, a cow and a pet sheep. The cow is Polson's only supply of fresh milk. In the nearby village of Kinlochewe, population fifty, there is only one general shop. Meat is delivered by van once a week.

If Polson's wife, Maureen, wants to do more serious shopping she has to go to Inverness, fifty miles away. Films are shown in the village hall once a month, weather permitting the arrival of the van. The winter before last, Polson was cut off by a blizzard; not even snowploughs could get through.

Every nature reserve presents its warden with particular problems. At Beinn Eighe, Polson considers his chief problem is dealing with the deer poachers. Since 1951 he has captured twenty-two poachers.

One of the most serious incidents occurred in March last year. Shots were heard at a quarter to four, and Polson shortly afterwards intercepted a car. In the rear of the car were two stags. The one on top was dead and had eight bullets in it. The one underneath had been shot through the eye; it was still alive, though paralysed.

The two men in the car were convicted and fined. For one it was the third conviction, for the other the second in three years. Polson had caught them every time. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

GALLANT ESCAPADE

by ***DUDLEY BARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

This was Malcolm's hour of glory. He would enjoy it without his wife. After all, he was the hero

As it was the second day of the month, Malcolm Pace was paying the household bills. He had them spread out on the dining table which occupied one end of the living-room, and his cheque book before him, and the small black notebook in which he kept his accounts.

"Audrey," he asked his wife, "what on earth is this bill from Larch's?"

Audrey looked up from the hearthrug where she was reading the evening paper he always brought home from the city. "Larch's?" she repeated vaguely, "Ah yes, Larch's. Darling, the children have to have shoes."

"Shoes, is it?" he muttered, returning to his accounts. "Yes, I suppose so. It seems rather a lot."

"Everything's rather a lot. You should just try shopping these days."

He added in the month's proportion of the quarterly rent for their small house, the life insurance premium, and a pound for "emergency money." He ought also to have set aside something for the holiday fund, and a sum, however small, for savings. But there was nothing left for either.

He took off the spectacles that, lately, he needed for reading, and slowly stuffed his pipe with tobacco. There was his salary, that was steady enough, he reflected. But a rise was out of the question just now. It had been made quite clear at the office that, with sales barely keeping up, the salesmen could whistle for any more.

Suppose, he thought—and this thought came to him on the second day of every month—he should fall seriously ill. There was just a small bundle of savings certificates between them and disaster. The two children asleep upstairs, Jacqueline and young Peter. And Audrey, his wife.

Putting a match to his pipe, he looked at her where she sprawled on the hearthrug—long legs, rounded figure with one hip thrown up by her attitude, strong thick brown hair falling forward over her face, gentle and patient eyes. He felt a sentimental glow of affection for her—for her, and the sleeping children, and the whole world of this little suburban house that was his home.

This was his life, he thought soberly. He saw that she shuffled the pages of the newspaper before her on the rug and tore one sheet that was caught beneath her elbow. He did wish, irritably, that she would not make such a mess of a newspaper.

"Malcolm," she said suddenly, "when you were in the war, weren't you mixed up in a Commando raid on a place called La Foy?"

"La Foy? Yes. What on earth made you ask that?"

She pointed to the newspaper. "They're making a film about it."

"A film? How can they possibly be making a film about that?"

"It says here that they are. 'Perhaps the only great war exploit that has not been fully told,' " she read. " 'The men, landing from a submarine on to the coast of Occupied France, set out to destroy a secret-weapon site which aerial bombing could not reach. Six of them were killed in a running fight with an enemy patrol encountered on the beach; and only four got through to the area of their target. . . .' Darling, you never told me as much as this."

"It's all frightfully exaggerated," he protested, getting down beside her on the hearthrug and reaching for the newspaper. But she held it from him and continued reading.

" 'Hunted by the S.S., the four men hid for three weeks in a barn loft of a small farmhouse, looked after and fed by the farmer's daughter, whom they knew only as Annette. At last, after a series of incredible adventures which included crawling for a hundred yards through a disused drainpipe only two feet in diameter, they placed explosives under the secret-weapon installation and destroyed it. It was learned, after the war, that this action may have postponed the V-attack on London by six months.' "

She swivelled on her elbow to look at him and said, "That's pretty good. They ought to have given you a medal."

"I got a Mention," he defensively replied, "Here, give me that paper."

"No, I must finish it. 'In the withdrawal, two more men were killed. Only the officer, Captain Bobby Sharp, and Sergeant Malcolm Pace got back to England.' "

She reached out to hold his hand. "You never told me all this."

"It was long ago," he said, "almost another world. And I didn't even know you existed then—you were still a schoolgirl."

Audrey, still holding his hand, returned to the newspaper. " 'Annette was caught by the S.S. and later died in a concentration camp. . . .' "

"That's true enough." He stared at his pipe. "From where I was hidden, I saw them take her—and there was nothing I could do about it."

"And Malcolm, look what it says here. 'Sergeant Pace was killed in action the following year in Burma.' Oh, that's horrible."

Malcolm threw back his head and laughed. "That shows you how accurate it all is. I'm just a ghost, you see. You married a ghost."

She put her arm round his neck and drew his face close to hers. "Don't say things like that," she begged, "even as a joke. It gives me the shudders. Kiss me, darling, quickly."

Malcolm kissed her. . . .

All next day, Malcolm could not help thinking

Jill gazed at Malcolm warmly. "It's simply wonderful to meet the real you," she said. "It's you this film is about—your bravery"

STORM OVER LONDON

by JOHN ENNIS

OUT OF the ashes of war, the City rises again. In a vivid survey, John Ennis tells how the voices of wrangling architects drown the roar of the bulldozers

NEW ENDEAVOUR

by WILSON MacARTHUR

OLD JOHN and Jessie had carved happiness out of a savage land and now, suddenly, they were rich. But how could pioneers spend all this money?

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

about this film they were making. Audrey had urged him to get in touch with the film company and tell them he was alive, but he had shrugged and refused. It was too long ago, it didn't matter.

This was the present, he told himself—the salesman, travelling up to town every day by Underground, making business, lunching in a pub, and then back home in the evening to Audrey and the children, and the home he was struggling to maintain, and the future he had to secure. This was reality.

All the same, it kept intruding into his thoughts, this film. What was the damn stupid title they had given it? *Gallant Escapade*. Malcolm grimaced.

But at the Underground station on the way home he bought all three evening papers instead of his usual one, and, in the crowded carriage, furtively searched them for film notes. There was nothing. Perhaps it was the wrong day for film notes. Feeling embarrassed, even a little guilty, he left the two extra newspapers on the carriage seat, and set off briskly on the walk to his house.

As he put the key into the latch, Audrey opened the door from within. She had her best dress on.

"Hullo," he said. "Party?"

"We've got visitors," she said, pushing him towards the living-room.

Two men were standing by the fireplace, one thick-set with a lot of black hair, the other thin, bald, pouches under his eyes. The thin one was grinning. Malcolm looked uncertainly at them for a moment, and then suddenly realized who the thin one was. "Bobby!" he cried.

"You're supposed to be dead," said Bobby Sharp, still grinning. "But I ought to have known it couldn't be true. You always were indestructible."

Malcolm turned accusingly towards his wife, but she had slipped into the kitchen to get supper.

"I suppose Audrey's done this," he said.

BOBBY nodded. "That's right. She rang up the film company and they got on to their technical adviser—that's me—and asked what the hell did I mean by it? I said you were officially dead in Burma in 1944, so you must be an impostor. But they said I'd better come and see."

"I wasn't dead," replied Malcolm apologetically—Bobby always made him feel apologetic. "I got captured, that's all."

"Tough on the Japs," said Bobby. "Oh, by the way, this is Sam Frier, he's directing the film. He wants to sign you up as a technical adviser too—junior to me, of course."

"It's a privilege to meet you, Mr. Pace," said Sam Frier, stepping forward with outstretched hand. "I almost called you sergeant. For the past three months I've been so intimate with your life that I feel I've always known you. I guess I might know almost more about you than you know yourself. But you're taller than I pictured you," he added, reproachfully.

Audrey came in then with a tray of supper which she plumped down on the table and started to set out. "Let's eat," she suggested, looking defensively at Malcolm.

"That's what a wife does to you," he remarked when they were seated, "plunges you into things without asking. Spaghetti, Mr. Frier?"

"Yum!" said Sam Frier, helping himself to plenty.

"I couldn't stand the idea of them saying in the newspapers that you were dead," defended Audrey. "It made me feel all queer. I was right, wasn't I, Captain Sharp?"

"Of course you were right," said Bobby through his spaghetti. "Why the devil he should want to hide himself away, when there's money in it, is a mystery to me."

"Money?" asked Malcolm.

"Sure! Technical advisers get paid. It's been a godsend to me. I don't know how you've been getting on since the war—steady job?"

"Salesman. It's not luxury, but we get by."

"Well, you're damn lucky. I've had a varied career, as you might put it. The wholesale side of black market nylons was the best, until I became a technical adviser. Film companies have so much money, don't they, Sam?"

"We have to run to a budget," said Sam Frier cautiously.

"I'll say! Caviare and champagne, Malcolm old man, and popsies all over the place. It's like owning the Naafi."

"More spaghetti, Mr. Frier?" asked Audrey nervously.

"Well, it's very good," agreed Sam Frier, plunging the spoon in again.

When they had finished the spaghetti, and the tin of pears, Bobby started to pile the dishes on the tray. "I'll help you wash up," he volunteered.

"No, I can't allow that," protested Audrey.

He winked at her. "Don't be an ass, darling. Sam wants to talk money to your old man."

"Oh well, in that case," she said, uncertainly. Then she giggled. Bobby Sharp was the sort one did giggle at.

Left alone, Sam Frier offered Malcolm a cigarette from a gold case, but he shook his head apologetically, and got out his pipe.

"This film," said Sam Frier, sucking his teeth, "is going to be a winner. Of course," he added hastily, "our chief object is to tell the public about La Foy. What bravery, Sergeant!—I beg pardon, Mr. Pace. It's a glorious page in the history of the war."

"It wasn't so much," mumbled Malcolm.

"Wasn't it? Ho-ho, you wait till you've seen the film. It's all strictly accurate, of course," he added quickly. "At least, we're doing our best to make it accurate. That's why I want you to be one of the technical advisers. I'm authorized to offer you a hundred pounds. . . ."

"A hundred pounds?"

"I could make it a hundred and fifty," he said anxiously.

"But what have I to do for all that money?"

"Oh well," said Sam Frier with relief, "not much. Just tell us what happened, if we ask you any questions. Nothing much at all."

"But I've got my job."

"You could get down to the studio on a Saturday, I expect. Or perhaps you could get a couple of days off."

He probably could, thought Malcolm. The idea of having one of his salesmen mixed up in a film might appeal to old Jenkins, the manager.

Bobby Sharp came in with the coffee tray. "All fixed?"

SAM FRIER had taken a closely printed contract from his pocket. "Now, if we fill in the sum, Mr. Pace," he began. "One hundred and fifty pounds. . . ."

"Is that all you're getting?" asked Bobby. "I got five hundred. Still, it shows a proper respect for rank."

"I'll make it two hundred," offered Sam Frier, pen poised.

"Two hundred pounds?" asked Audrey, coming in, "Darling, how wonderful."

"You just sign," suggested Sam Frier, "and Captain Sharp can witness the signature."

Malcolm hesitated, glanced at Audrey.

"Two hundred whole pounds," she said happily.

Malcolm signed. . . .

A fortnight later, on a Tuesday, Malcolm got out of the train and took the bus to the film studio. He had been right in thinking that he could get a couple of days off. Old Jenkins had been considerably tickled at the thought of having one of his salesmen a character in a film—even more tickled when Malcolm could tell him that there would be a big charity première, perhaps with royalty present.

The studio buildings seemed very complicated. But at last he was directed to the large shed in which his film was being made. It was full of people, and untidy equipment, and a lot of bright lights at one end, where there was a canvas reconstruction of a farmhouse, and a girl standing in front of it surrounded by several men in German uniform, one of whom suddenly struck her across the face and sent her staggering. Malcolm took an empty chair in the darkness at the back, shuddering at a sudden memory. Though Annette's arrest hadn't been anything like this—this all seemed fantastically unreal.

Soon the business at the far end of the studio came to a break, and people flocked in all directions, chattering and shouting. Malcolm, uncomprehending, sat docilely on. He was startled when a hand was placed on his shoulder and, looking round, he saw Bobby Sharp and a girl.

"Ah, there you are," said Bobby. "Why didn't you come up to the front to see what was going on? This is Jill Cristall."

Malcolm got hastily to his feet. Even under heavy film make-up, she was a very pretty girl.

"Are you in the film?" he asked.

"Of course. I'm Annette."

Malcolm stared. But Annette . . . she wasn't

anything like as pretty as you," he said hastily.

Jill Cristall chuckled sweetly. "Bobby, he really is very nice."

Bobby said they were off to the canteen to get some coffee and doughnuts. Malcolm followed them, bewildered. He had sudden clear memories of Annette, with her thickset peasant's body, sullen face—and the nobility it assumed when, from his hide in a muck-heap, he helplessly watched her defying in silence the S.S. men who thrust her across the farmyard and into the waiting lorry. And then he looked at Miss Cristall's daintily swaying hips and slim white shoulders.

In the canteen, which was gaudily painted, brightly lit, and full of people sprawling in artistic attitudes and smoking cigarettes, Bobby sat them at a table and got three thick mugs of coffee and a plate of doughnuts.

"Have you ever been in a studio before?" the girl asked.

"Why, no, Miss Cristall."

"Oh, don't be so formal. Call me Jill. After all, we're in love."

"We're what?"

She chuckled. "In the film, of course."

"But I wasn't in love with Annette," protested Malcolm, turning desperately to Bobby.

"Artistic licence," said Bobby cheerfully. "You can't have a film without love interest. And, since you were dead. . . ."

"But I'm not dead, and I wasn't in love with Annette."

"So far as I can remember, you were in love with lots of girls in those days."

"But Annette!"

"Not a very likely subject," agreed Bobby. "But the way Jill plays her, it doesn't seem at all improbable. And there's not much to it—no passionate embraces or that sort of thing. Nothing your wife could object to. All in very good taste, isn't it, Jill?"

"If you ask me," she said, "too good."

A tall young man with delicate profile had wandered over to their table, and Bobby introduced him. Duncan Firth.

Malcolm dutifully shook a limp hand. "I'm sure I've seen you in a film," he said, striving to be polite.

"You may have done," Duncan agreed, rather offended. "I've been in a few."

"And are you in *Gallant Escapade* too?" asked Malcolm.

He saw Bobby Sharp grinning at him. And Jill Cristall giggled.

"I'll say he is," she said. "He's you."

AFTER the coffee break, Bobby led Malcolm to a seat in the front of the studio, among all the gear and technicians. They were engaged in making some sort of close-up of Duncan Firth, in his stained battledress, registering horror and tight-lipped rage.

It went on and on, over and over. For a time Malcolm followed it so closely he found his own face twisting. But after a while he got bored with it, and his attention wandered.

This pantomime they were making had, obviously, very little resemblance to the raid at La Foy. But did it matter? To be honest, his own memories of the raid were now dim, whenever he happened to think of it, which was not often.

For a year or two after the war he had been restless and unsettled. It was, he told himself, a period of transition, and once it was over the fullness of peacetime life would begin.

It was in this mood that he had met and married Audrey, and all their hopes had been of the future. When they could get a house, all

Continued on page 28

"I call that a bit thick," Malcolm cried in exasperation. But Audrey turned away. "I've put your best suit in the bedroom," she said

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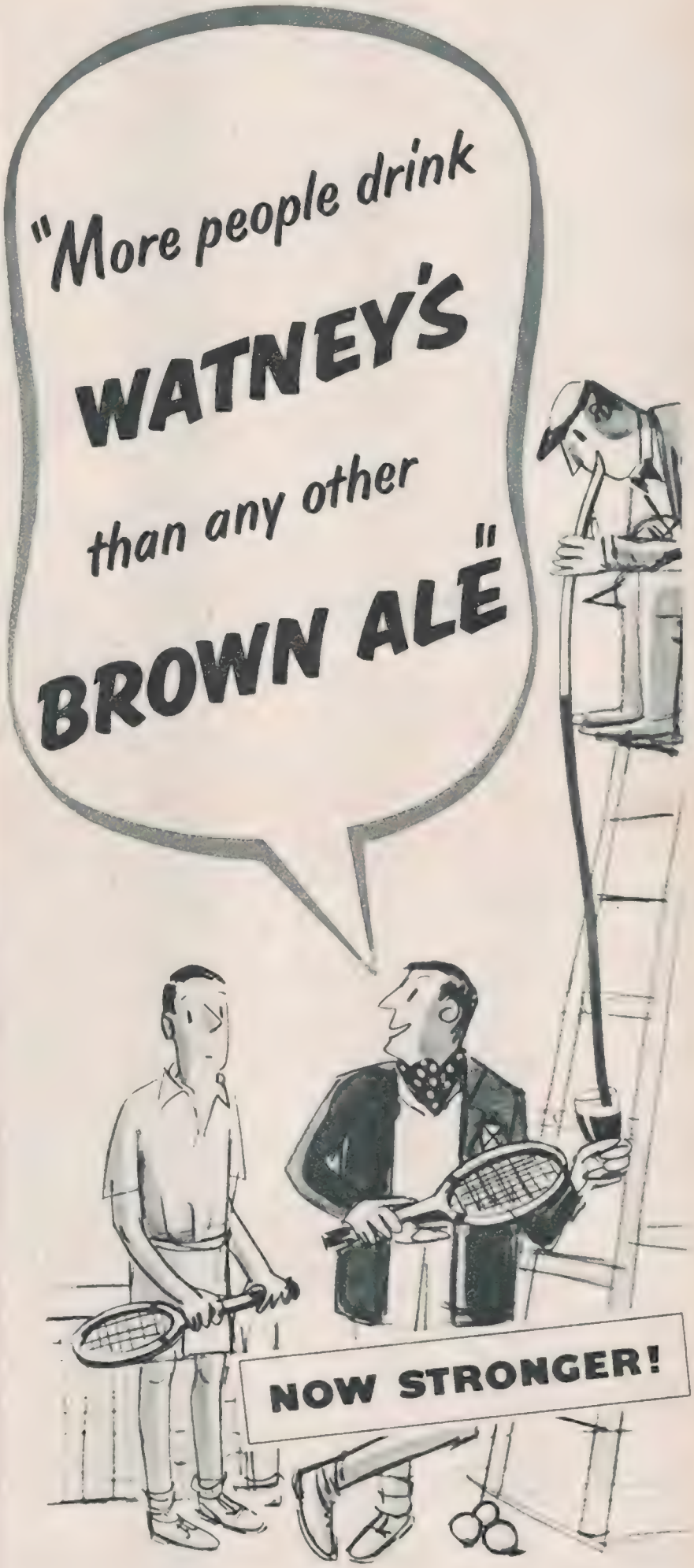


Have YOU tried it?

Craftsman on high

by DON EVERITT

Two hundred feet above the ground, Robert Clark risks his life daily. He brings science—and aircraft—to steeplejacking

AT Penmon Point, in Anglesey, Robert Clark, a Sheffield steeplejack, put out from the shore in a motor boat towing a raft. The raft carried his son, Ernest, and a ton and a half of steel scaffolding destined for a Trinity House navigation beacon a quarter of a mile out.

Half-way there the tow rope broke. Horrified, Clark senior chased after the raft as a nine-knot current from the Menai Straits carried it rapidly seawards. He fought with the raft for three hours before finally running it safely on to the rocks below the beacon.

Though the beacon stands only thirty feet high at low water, repairing it last winter turned out to be the trickiest job Clark, a master steeplejack, has handled. He and his men could work on the beacon only when the tide ebbed. Rough weather sometimes prevented them from making a landing for days. They worked at night to beat the sea and the wind. The motor boat struck the rocks so often that the repaired hull finally looked like a patchwork.

To the narrow crown of the beacon, Clark had to fix a cumbersome new steel mast and marker weighing several hundredweight. It would have taken weeks to carry them on the raft and haul them into place with derricks. Instead, Clark decided to have them lowered on to the beacon from a helicopter. The operation took three days and worked so well that Clark intends to find further use for helicopters in steeplejacking.

"By boat it had taken us fifteen minutes to reach the beacon. By helicopter and rope ladder it took two minutes, and the state of the sea didn't matter. That's the sort of speed at which we like to work."

In a trade generally wedded to traditional methods, Robert Clark, a sprightly and imaginative Yorkshireman, has, with his three sons, built a thriving business in the last six years by the use of modern ideas. Clark, who is fifty-five and has spent most of his working life steeplejacking, contends that most steeplejacks have not moved with the times.

"Firms can no longer afford to stop production for long periods for chimney repairs. They want jobs done quickly." Clark has made speed his criterion.

Ernest Clark took three men to Hull and built a steel chimney 110 feet high in thirty-six hours. In five days he swathed in a ton of steel bands a brick chimney badly fractured by lightning. Clark senior once had to demolish quickly a chimney almost hemmed in by buildings. There was one gap three feet three inches wider than his chimney. In a few hours, Clark felled the chimney clean through the gap by chipping out bricks at the bottom in the manner of a woodman felling a tree.

TO repair a seventy-foot chimney speedily, the Clarks lifted it six inches in the air. The steel base had rotted. They fixed guy ropes to the top of the chimney, cut it through above the base and raised the remaining sixty feet, brick lining and all, on derricks. They then renewed the base and stuck the two pieces together again. The whole job took three days.

Clark senior admits that his sons, especially Thomas, the eldest, have brought many fresh ideas to the business. "Tom trained as an engineering salesman. He sees things differently from me. One day he came home with a ridiculous order from a steelworks. He had agreed to dismantle a 140-foot steel chimney, to scrap a 120-footer and to build a new one in its place with the material taken from the 140-footer, all in two weeks.

"I told him it couldn't be done and that he'd better back out or ask for five weeks. He did neither. I was so scared that I didn't go near the job for eight days. By then his gang had done everything except put the brick lining in the new 120-footer. He finished the job in twelve days. Instead of erecting scaffolding to demolish the chimneys as I and most other steeplejacks would have done, he had worked from ladders slung from the top, shifting them as the

Clark's son Tom used a new method to dismantle this 140-foot chimney—and did the job in record time

Clark's trickiest job was repairing a beacon near the Menai Straits. He used a helicopter to lower materials

chimneys got smaller. Since then we've used the system a lot and we've done all the chimney work for that steelworks."

The Clarks save time by planning their work in detail beforehand and by using new mechanical lifting and other aids. "We have a few tricks which we prefer to keep up our sleeves," says Clark senior. "I think most steeplejacks would be lost using our tackle without having it explained to them."

To conserve their energy the Clarks work with ladders with closer rungs than those used commonly by steeplejacks. It takes a skilled man about half an hour to ladder a one hundred-foot chimney. He begins by hammering two long, thick nails known as dogs into the mortar and hooking the top of the first ladder on to them. He climbs up with the second ladder and fits it into two cups at the top of the first. He then secures the top of the second ladder with two dogs and takes the third ladder from his mate. In place of dogs the steeplejack uses wire lashings to fasten his ladders to steel chimneys and monuments.

The Clarks' reputation for speed is such that one large steeplejacking firm in the Midlands asked them to take over a job in which time was the

MUSIC—1

Song is the licensed medium for bawling in public things too silly or sacred to be uttered in ordinary speech.

Oliver Herford

essence of the contract. The work involved pointing, repairing fractures and changing the white glaze lettering on a 240-foot chimney. Twelve letters, twelve feet high and made up of two thousand bricks, had to be altered. The contract allowed the work to be done between September 3 and October 31. For each extra day the steeplejack would have to pay a penalty of £20.

"We took the job," says Clark. "The wind was against us all the time. It ripped our protective tarpaulins to shreds and nearly blew us off the scaffolding. We finished on October 30."

Clark counts the wind as the steeplejack's worst enemy. A man suspended from a chimney top in a bosun's chair will swing uncontrollably if a gust catches him. It happened once to Clark himself up a three hundred foot steeple at Worcester. He crashed back into the steeple and was stunned.

Clark often works on a chimney while it remains in use. This can be uncomfortable and dangerous. While Clark's men renewed the top thirty feet of brickwork on a chimney, the walls became so hot that the men burned their hands. Clark fixed a cowling inside the chimney to direct the hot gases up the centre. On another occasion one man's coat caught fire while he sat eating his lunch on the chimney rim. He threw his burning jacket to the ground.

At brickworks, blast furnaces and chemical plants the fumes play havoc with the steeplejacks' tackle. On a Lincoln chimney recently the sulphur fumes ate through, in an hour and a half, a new wire rope with a thirty-hundredweight breaking strain. During the job, Clark had to renew every hemp rope at least once. "It's a nightmare because a contaminated rope looks normal until you rub it in your hands, then it crumbles."

Robert Clark drifted into steeplejacking as a boy. He left school prematurely and without his parents' knowledge to work in an engineering factory. He gave it up after a week, subsequently joined his father to learn how to make surgical instruments and gave that up after half an hour. So he became an apprentice steeplejack.

As a young man, Clark had an attack of nervousness which all but put an end to his steeplejacking career. One day, he went up a steeple to remove a weather cock. With his legs astride the top rungs of the topmost ladder, he started to undo the bolts. Suddenly, the top of the ladder lurched round the narrow steeple top. Clark, though considerably shaken, managed to climb down gingerly to the next ladder and safety.

That night, he had a vivid dream in which he crashed to the ground from the steeple with his legs caught in the ladder. Next morning, he told his employer: "I'm going home. I've had enough." With some persuasion, he mentioned his dream. "My boss cannily told me that I needn't climb any more. Well, I stuck it working on the ground for a couple of days, and then I was back up the ladders again."

An illness put Clark in business on his own. In 1939, he injured his back at work. By 1950, his doctors did not give him long to live. Clark had taken so much time off work that he felt he could not live on his employer's generosity any longer. He resigned, and then, in periods of relative fitness, worked for himself.

His business and his back trouble improved. Within two years, he invited his sons into equal partnership with him.

Today, though his back is still strapped up, Clark says he has never been more prosperous or healthy. The firm's annual turnover has grown in five years from £4,000 to £50,000.

The Clarks undertake any constructional, repair or demolition work outside the range of the normal civil engineering contractor. Aside from chimneys, they work on fire-damaged buildings and aerial bucket systems. They employ ten men and boys, but like most other steeplejacks, they have difficulty in recruiting the right type of apprentice.

The trade attracts would-be Tarzans. Clark prefers the less venturesome boy who may even be somewhat nervous of heights. "He will get used to climbing but he will always be cautious." Clark does not tolerate men who require alcoholic stimulus before they will climb.

He insures his employees but not himself or his sons. He dislikes talking about fatal accidents. So far, only one has occurred in his business. At a steelworks, he told two men to climb a chimney and one of them to lower himself inside on a bosun's chair to start repair work.

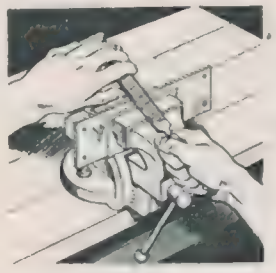
Some time later, Clark saw one of the men beckoning urgently from the chimney top. It looked as if he had dropped some tools. Clark went inside the chimney bottom to investigate and found the body of the other man. Instead of using the bosun's chair he had slid down the rope and lost his grip.

"The accident tells its own moral," says Clark.

Surprisingly, Clark does not find life exciting enough as a steeplejack. During the war, he joined a bomb disposal squad. Nowadays, he gets his fill of adventure every summer by going shark fishing off Cornwall. He claims with some pride to be the only member of the Shark Angling Club of Great Britain in Sheffield: the qualification for membership is to catch a shark weighing seventy-five pounds or more.

"Steeplejacking is child's play," Clark says. "Catching a big shark has far more thrills." THE END

Make yourself at home



All over Britain householders are finding ingenious new ways of brightening their homes and adding comfort and novelty to their surroundings. Each week, JOHN BULL will pay five guineas for the best original and practical do-it-yourself hint sent in by a reader. An example is printed below. Step by step illustrations by Stanley Herbert will show a typical family following the reader's advice. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

FINGER-PLATES are essential with modern flush doors and light colour schemes. I made some easily and cheaply from a sheet of clear plastic sheeting 3/16 in. thick. To avoid difficult shaping I made the plates rectangular, cutting them with a tenon saw and boring a hole half an inch from each corner to take the screws. The rough edges were smoothed with a file and coarse emery cloth. I used the plates as patterns to cut pieces from a remnant of bright wallpaper, and mounted the paper behind each plate on the doors. The plates are fixed with rustless chromium screws, and whenever we change the pattern or colour scheme in the room it is quite easy to change the fingerplates' background. Curtain fabric makes an attractive substitute for wallpaper.

Gallant escapade

Continued from page 25

would be wonderful. When they did get a house, they looked forward to the future delights of children. When the children came, they planned the pleasures of watching them grow up.

Then suddenly he realized that life was in the present, not the future. This was his life, that of a salesman with little money and a suburban family, and it would be his life until he died, and he had better make the most of it. It was dull and monotonous, but that was the sort of person he was.

Another break in the filming interrupted his thoughts. Bobby came and sat next to him. "Having a good time?"

"Not wildly. Don't they want me to do anything?"

"Not a thing, old man!"

"Then what are they paying me for?"

Bobby glanced shrewdly at him. "Hush money! What did you think? The film's nearly made, and they've spent a fortune on it. Your turning up suddenly from the dead was damned awkward. Suppose you turned nasty. The only thing was to put you on the payroll, quick."

Malcolm flushed. "Bit cool, wasn't it?"

"Now, take it easy, chum! What the hell does it matter? Grab what you can from it, and get yourself a bit of fun."

Jill Cristall came floating over and sat beside them. "When it's done, we're all going to my place," she told Malcolm. "You'll come, won't you?"

He hesitated. Then said: "Sure, I'd love to."

Bobby chuckled. "That's the spirit, old man."

They drove back to London, piled in a couple of cars. Jill's flat was in a big block in Marylebone; one large room, a tiny kitchen, a blue bathroom, and a small bedroom where they all dumped their coats on the bed beside her enormous teddy bear.

The large room was vivid in colour, furnished with several couches, trailing green plants, a glass table laden with bottles, and a miniature white poodle. Jill put long-playing mood-music on her record player. People kept crowding in. Bobby Sharp, emerging from the kitchen with a tray of ice, made for the drinks.

"One technique I can really advise on," he said cheerfully, "is how much French to put in a dry Martini."

Jill came over, pushed him out of the way, and sat beside Malcolm. "It's wonderful to meet the real you," she said, shining at him. "It's you that this film is really about—your bravery."

"That's absurd," he awkwardly muttered. All the same, it was not unpleasant to hear it from her. She had drawn her feet under her on the couch and she sat daintily, her very attractive body balanced upright, her hair drawn back from her delicate face and her eyes gazing at him warmly.

"I'm afraid they must have exaggerated a good deal," he said, smiling at her.

"I don't believe it."

"Of course, we did have a few dicey moments," he admitted, expanding a little, "but mostly it was the tedium of waiting. . . ."

He was surprisingly irritated that, at that moment, Sam Frier, a glass of whisky in his fat hand, came over to chat.

The party went on and on. Malcolm had the sense not to drink much, in spite of his boredom. Nobody paid much attention to him except Jill, who came over from time to time and sat beside him, talking in snatches.

Late in the evening she asked him: "What was Annette really like?"

"She smelt rather strongly of pigs."

The girl grimaced.

"She had also," he went on grimly, "the finest, bravest spirit of anybody I have ever met."

"You were a little in love with her."

He shook his head irritably. "Not what a film means by love. She was as ugly as hell. She had a harelip. When the S.S. man hit her, it was the first thing that bled."

Jill sat very silent. He could hear her silence against the mood-music and

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DOLCIN

BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

the chatter, Bobby's chuckle at something, Sam Frier's pompous voice.

Malcolm got away soon after. He just caught the last tube train to his suburb and walked through the darkness to his house. Memories walked with him. He had not realized how much, of excitement and tension, he had forgotten. The days and the nights of risk, when no man wanted to die, but death did not seem too high a price to pay.

For what? He stopped at the wooden gate in front of his house, and looked at it. For this. That was the truth of it. He hastily put aside an uncomfortable thought and let himself in.

When he gently opened the bedroom door he saw that the gas fire was on, and Audrey called sleepily that she was still awake. He switched on the light and she sat up in bed.

"I've put some tea in the Thermos for you. What was it like, darling? Exciting?"

He poured himself a cup of tea, considering. "It was confusing," he said at last, "and I think they're going to exaggerate it terribly."

She patted the bed. "Come and sit here and tell me all about it."

He sat on the edge of the bed, sipping his tea, and tried to tell her, about some of it at least. After a while he noticed that her face was tired.

"What sort of a day did you have?" he asked.

"Oh, all right." And, apologetically, after a hesitation, "I think Peter's got german measles."

"Hell!" he said, "those children are always catching something. . . ."

During the next two months he saw a lot of Jill, and Duncan Firth, Sam Frier, Bobby and the rest. They were no longer making the film—the thing was now in a laboratory, he understood, in various technical stages. But the parties seemed to go on. Who paid for them he never discovered—nobody wanted any money from him.

"Don't fret, old boy," Bobby advised, when Malcolm uneasily mentioned this to him. "All you've got to do is enjoy yourself."

So Malcolm shrugged, and went on with the parties. And he had to admit he was enjoying himself immensely. They were all such friends, and so carefree, and he became one of them. However you looked at it, it was flattering to have people convinced you were a hero, something special.

It was all the more agreeable when the person who thought so was Jill Cristall. He was fascinated by the complexity of her: that such an obviously pretty girl should also be so intelligent. He was gratified when she sought him out, as she often did, making it clear that she liked to be with him, to be talking to him, smiling at him. When, at a party, she was not with him he felt curiously lonely.

Not that he was falling in love with her. It was not like that. She never for a moment played up to him, nor he to her. It was a relationship far more worthwhile — neither of them wanted merely that.

All the same, he felt a little guilty—quite unreasonably guilty, he told himself—when he got home to Audrey. It was not that he was in the least disloyal to her, but that he was very slightly bored. She tried so hard to enter into it all with him, asking again and again to hear all about it, but he knew she was worrying about Peter's progress with his german measles, and whether Jacqueline would catch it.

"It's not serious, german measles," he told her.

"No, of course it isn't."

At the office, also, he was taken aback to overhear a clerk refer to him as Errol Flynn. That evening he asked Audrey: "Am I getting a swollen head?"

She laughed. "Not specially, darling."

Well, suppose he were, he said to himself crossly. Why not? After all, he had gone on the damn raid, and all these people had thought it worth while to spend thousands making a film about it. Why shouldn't he be a bit cocky?

Every dog has his day, he told himself, *and this is mine. And, hell, I'll make the most of it.*

As the great night of the première drew close he salved his conscience by cashing ten of his £200 and giving the notes to Audrey. "To buy yourself a dress for the première," he said.

"Oh, darling, you shouldn't have."

"And why not? Why shouldn't I want my wife to look as smart as anybody else? Damn it, Audrey, this is rather a big day for me, and I don't care who knows it."

She kissed him. "Thank you. I'll get a lovely dress."

"What are you worrying about now?" he demanded. "Surely it's not because this time it's Jacqueline in bed sickening for something. She's got almost no temperature. And it can't be german measles, it's weeks since Peter finished his. It's probably mumps now," he said, angrily lighting a cigarette.

The following day he rushed home to change for the première. To his dismay, he found Audrey in her old dress.

"Malcolm," she said, "I'm sorry, but I'd really rather not go."

"Why on earth not?"

"I don't like leaving Jacqueline."

"Now, this is absurd. She can come to no harm. We've arranged a child-watcher."

"I cancelled her."

"I call that a bit thick," he cried, exasperated. "Here is something that means a great deal to me, and you. . . ."

He checked himself, lest he wound too much. He was very angry.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I've put your best suit out in the bedroom." And she went into the kitchen.

He dressed and left the house, calling goodbye from the door. It was clear to him why she would not come—jealousy. Jealous of the thing in which she had no real part. So she made this palpable excuse. He fumed all the way to the theatre.

But when he got there, with the lights and the grandeur, and the crowds outside, he was quickly soothed. In the foyer he came to Jill, resplendent in a white gown with scarlet on it. She took his hands with her accustomed pleasure and then asked: "Where's your wife?"

"She couldn't come," he muttered. "The little girl is not well, and she didn't like to leave her."

"Malcolm, this isn't my fault, is it?"

"Of course not."

But was it? he wondered. There were plenty of pictures of Jill Cristall in the papers for Audrey to see, and perhaps he had talked rather a lot about her.

These thoughts were swept away by the ceremonies—the reception, the lights, the cameras, the duchess, who spoke so graciously to him, Bobby Sharp playing the hero with abandon, Sam Frier stuffed into a tail coat.

They went into the cinema, the lights faded. A harsh, metallic march accompanied the title—*Gallant Escapade*. Then all the credits. And his name, too, with Bobby's—*grateful to Captain Robert Sharp and Sergeant Malcolm Pace, the two survivors of this most gallant adventure, for all the help. . . .* Up there on the huge screen. He ached, suddenly, that Audrey was not there to share that moment.

But, as the film unrolled, he wished this less and less. He tried to remind himself of what Jill had once told him; that cheapness and vulgarity were the necessary tricks to put over a basically true story. But this story was not true. It was wildly, remotely, untrue. Oh, some of the facts, some of the happenings, were there. But of the stern

MUSIC—2

If I were to begin life again,
I would devote it to music.
It is the only cheap and unpunished rapture on earth.

Sydney Smith

"Finished?"

reality, nothing. Of the grim act of war, during which his friends had died, they had made a theatrical nonsense as tawdry as themselves.

He glanced along the row and could see, in the reflected light, Duncan Firth preening, Bobby Sharp grinning ironically, Sam Frier silently mouthing self-admiration, and Jill Cristall with her usual enigmatic smile which covered, he suddenly understood, ambition.

Malcolm eased himself quietly from his seat, glad he was on the end of a row, and walked from the theatre.

Outside, it was raining. He swung into the Underground, fretted for the train to come, fretted at its speed all the way to his suburb. Inside himself he was saying: *Audrey. Audrey.*

At the other end he walked swiftly, almost running when he came to his own street. The light was still on in his living-room. He let himself in. She looked up from the couch, startled. To his dismay he saw that she was weeping.

"Darling, I'm terribly sorry," he burst out.

Through her tears she said: "It's not that. I'm crying for happiness. She hasn't got it."

"Who hasn't got what?"

"Jacqueline. She hasn't got polio."

"Polio!"

"It was what the doctor feared. We had to wait three days to be sure. He came again this evening, just after you left. And it's all right, Malcolm."

"Why didn't you tell me?" But, of course, he knew.

"What was the use? There was nothing you could do—nothing anybody could do, except keep her quiet and wait. And hope," she said softly.

Malcolm could not speak. He suddenly remembered the moment when he had stood at the gate, looked at his house, and wondered bitterly what all the fighting had been for. Fool! This was what it had been for.

"It would have been cruel to spoil your great day," she said, "when there was nothing you could do—nothing at all. Darling, was it wonderful? Tell me what the film was like."

He sat on the couch beside her. "I most humbly beg your pardon," he said. . . .

Two months later *Gallant Escapade* came to the local. There was a long queue in spite of the rain. The film was a hit.

After a time they were at the head of the queue. He had tried to persuade her not to come, told her it was terrible nonsense. But she had laughed at him. "A film about my own husband, and you think I'm not going to see it."

The commissionaire came out to the queue. "Two singles. Will you take two singles?" he asked.

Malcolm looked at Audrey, sheltering under his umbrella. She had her £10 frock on. She was smiling happily.

"No," he told the commissionaire, "we'll wait for two together." THE END

The man who married for money

Continued from page 19

is that it is in the nature of old ladies to die. And what, for example, if I'm not being impertinent, do you plan to do when that happens to my aunt?"

"There's nothing impertinent about the question, Mr. Cooper," Emily said. "I suppose it's a natural one. It's a thing I've faced, of course, much as I hate dwelling on such things. Mine is really a dying occupation if you think of the matter.

"Not many women these days are willing to take on the job of companion, you know, for some old ladies are terribly unreasonable and exacting. But aside from all that, the number of old ladies financially able to afford companions seems to be growing less at much the same speed.

"As it happens, I would never have any difficulty, because the agency that sent me to your aunt has told me it can place me at any time. So I have nothing to worry about on that score, you see. But when and if anything happens to Mrs. Abbott, it will be a great blow to me, a great loss. Perhaps you find that hard to understand, Mr. Cooper, but it is so."

It did not occur to Ernest Cooper to doubt the truth of this statement which, like almost everything Emily Potter said, bore the stamp of simple truth and sincerity. It was all he needed to know, for it was quite evident that she was totally unaware that under the terms of her employer's will she would inherit a large sum of money.

In the lawyer's letter accompanying the copy of Mrs. Abbott's will there had occurred a sentence which now came back to Ernest Cooper's memory, helping to harden his determination:

"In case you are not already aware of the figures, I think you should know that by making Miss Emily Potter your residuary legatee, her inheritance, based upon today's values and the present scale of death duties, will amount to not less than £240,000."

The rest was plain sailing, a mere matter of technique. . . .

The reason it is not considered sporting to shoot a sitting pheasant is that the bird has no chance. Nor had Emily Potter. Ernest Cooper not only had good looks and charm, but he knew how to use them.

He had that deadliest of all weapons to aid him: a profound knowledge, based on experience, of what goes on in a woman's mind.

He did not fall into the error of trying to sweep Emily off her feet by professions of an undying love. Nor did he attribute to her qualities of beauty she did not possess. Only a fool would be deceived by such cheap and transparent blarney, and Emily was far from that. She was a highly intelligent young woman.

The whole of Thursday, by the

Ever seen a 'hanging chapel'?

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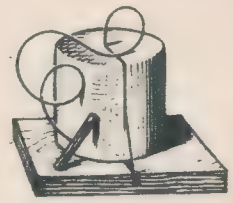

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MUM LOVES ME NOW

"MY MUM LOVES ME NOW. I can tell because her hands are gentler . . . her voice is sweeter . . . and her kisses are softer. I don't know what I did. But all of a sudden she just started *loving* me!"

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Note: nursing mothers should not take laxatives without their doctor's advice.

She's a new woman since taking Bile Beans Laxative Plus

terms of her employment, belonged to Emily, although she seldom availed herself of the privilege. On the following Thursday, after a little tactful persuasion by Ernest Cooper, Emily agreed to spend the day with him.

During a long drive and over lunch and tea at roadside hotels, he was careful not to overplay his hand and at the end of the day, as they were driving back into south-west London, he said simply: "You really are a most restful and delightful companion, Miss Potter, I don't know when I've enjoyed a day with anyone so much."

Emily flushed with pleasure, looking passably attractive as she did so. Ernest realized at that moment that a beauty parlour, given the chance, could work wonders with her. . . .

The conquest of Emily was pitifully easy. Ernest did not care much for drink, so he permitted her the luxury of rescuing him from drink, thereafter appearing in the guise of a reformed character. He staged a mildly jealous scene one day when he saw Emily talking to a man in the street and appeared mollified on learning that he was selling tickets for a charity dance.

It was Emily herself who removed the greatest stumbling block from Ernest's path. "If you don't mind, Ernest," she said one day, "I would much rather Mrs. Abbott didn't know that I see so much of you. It isn't that I'm ashamed of it—you know that, I hope. It is simply that her whole life these days revolves around me and I would like her to feel that mine revolves around her."

"Of course I don't mind," said Ernest with a sigh of relief. If his Aunt Geraldine ever suspected what was in his mind, it would not take her long to change her will.

Ernest proposed to Emily one Thursday evening in the little Soho restaurant which they frequented and which Ernest subtly had invested with a glamour it did not possess.

". . . and you see," he concluded, "when I'm not with you I'm miserably lonely and when I'm with you I feel that there's nothing we couldn't accomplish together. I'm not clever and I'm not rich. In fact I've really nothing to offer you, Emily. But if you will do me the honour of becoming my wife, you'll make me the happiest man in the world."

There was a lot more, of course, for these are notoriously verbose occasions, and at the end Emily accepted, but with the proviso that Mrs. Abbott be kept in ignorance. . . .

MRS. ABBOTT owned a villa in Cannes, which is how Hyacinthe Duplessis happens to become entangled, albeit briefly, in the lives of these others. It was planned that she and Emily would go there for the winter, leaving London at the end of November.

About a week before they went, these two had a momentous talk.

"Emily, my dear," said Mrs. Abbott one evening as they sat beside the drawing-room fire, "I've been thinking a lot about you lately. I've decided that I'd like you to know, while I'm still alive, how very grateful I am to you for all your kindness and goodness. You've made life worth living for me."

"No, please don't interrupt. A month or two ago I made a will, leaving you more or less everything—kindly let me speak without interruption—and when I die you will be a very rich woman.

"I'm leaving you this money because I want you to have some pleasure and happiness. They are not the same thing, although many people appear to think so.

"Now I'm the sort of creaking hinge that may last years, so I have come to the conclusion that you should have the enjoyment of some of my money now, while you are still not too old to enjoy it.

"Tomorrow, therefore, we will go to my bank and we will open an account in your name, with plenty of money to your credit. I want you to spend it, my dear, to deny yourself nothing that you feel you really want—clothes, some jewels. I won't attempt to dictate how you spend it. I want you to do with it all the things you have always wanted to do with money, if you had had it. No, Emily, I want no thanks. My happiness will be a reflection of yours. . . ."

Emily's body was shaken with sobs, her face tearstained. "No, Mrs. Abbott," she said after a little with the note of urgency in her voice, "you mustn't do this. I don't want a lot of money. I—I wouldn't know what to do with it. And besides, it should go to your relations."

"My relations have never been any comfort to me—at least, not the surviving ones. Don't talk nonsense about not wanting money, either. Everybody wants money, so why should you be an exception?"

"I didn't say I didn't want money, Mrs. Abbott," replied Emily firmly. "I said—and I mean it—that I don't want a lot of money. That isn't the same thing. I don't want and I won't accept a great amount of money.

"But despite what I have said I would like to have a little money—a small but sure income for life, something I could count on. But a great fortune—no, I won't touch it."

"Let us talk of this another time, my dear," said Mrs. Abbott gently, for she had caught the note of hysteria in Emily's voice.

Emily did not tell Ernest of this conversation, for reasons which she believed sufficient. Her attitude to her good fortune was precisely as stated to Mrs. Abbott: she did not want the cares of being rich, for her wants were extremely simple. She was quite ready, if necessary, to face love in a cottage with Ernest.

When Mrs. Abbott raised the subject again, Emily was determined to remind her how hurtful it would be to Ernest to be excluded from her will in favour of a paid employee.

But Mrs. Abbott did not raise the subject again. Two days after this conversation, on a Thursday afternoon when Emily was at a matinée with Ernest, Mr. George Masterson again attended her in person and received, not without some witticisms at his client's expense, instructions for another new will.

The Thursday afternoon matinée had to serve as a honeymoon for Emily and Ernest, for the former, to the latter's great satisfaction, steadfastly refused to allow Mrs. Abbott to know that they had been married in the morning.

"If she knew, Ernest darling, she is so good and kind that she would insist upon giving me a few weeks' holiday for a honeymoon, and I'm just not prepared to let her do this. She is very frail, darling, and she needs me more than ever."

Ernest, in the rôle of the disappointed and disgruntled lover, gave the best performance of his life and refused to be mollified until Emily had agreed they would try to contrive some kind of a honeymoon in Cannes. Things were working out so well that he found it hard to conceal his satisfaction.

Before Mrs. Abbott and Emily went off to Cannes, Ernest and Emily executed wills each in the favour of the other. "It seems rather pointless to me," said Emily laughing, "because I've got nothing to leave."

"You never know," said Ernest sagely. "You might win a football pool, or a big sweepstake." And because Ernest was a lawyer by training and might be presumed to understand what was the wise and prudent thing to do, Emily signed her will without misgiving.

Events were sweeping on inexorably towards their climax. . . .

The Villa Florabella lay behind Cannes, about a mile from the sea on the hill which is called California, and was—the past tense is here used advisedly—the usual undistinguished stucco Riviera villa which, if it has more than three bedrooms, is called a "château."

Mrs. Abbott and Emily installed themselves there for the winter. Ernest Cooper, with his aunt's reluctant consent—for she considered he should be working in London—installed himself in the chauffeur's apartment above the garage. There was no chauffeur. It was arranged that after Christmas Ernest would return to England, ostensibly to build up a law practice.

There it all is: the stage is set.

As must have been apparent for a longish time, Ernest, being Ernest, was impatient to get his hands on his aunt's money. His aunt, and of course, Emily, were all that stood in his way.

He was, in case this has not already been made clear, a fourth-rate lawyer, but he could still read and write. Not long previously there had been before the courts, and widely publicated in the press, a case which arose out of an aeroplane accident in which two people had been killed simultaneously without any possible means of ascertaining which had died first. A vast inheritance hung upon the outcome.

The case was finally settled upon the presumption that the older of the two persons died first. It was essential, therefore, for Ernest's purposes, to contrive some kind of an accident which should kill Mrs. Abbott and Emily, leaving the way clear for the presumption that the former, being the older, had died first. Emily would inherit and he, in his turn, would inherit his aunt's fortune from Emily. The only apparent snag was that the two sets of death duties would be payable.

IN the scheme of nature it doesn't pay to be predictable. The deer which goes down to drink at the waterhole at the same time each night sooner or later falls victim to the leopard whose business it is to observe such regularity. The wages clerk, who trots off every Friday afternoon to the bank at exactly 2.30 p.m. to fetch a satchelful of money, soon finds his way into the headlines as an ex-wages clerk. . . .

But Mrs. Abbott and Emily did not know that; or if they knew it, their minds did not run in such channels. Mrs. Abbott loved nothing better than a drive in the car which she had hired for their stay. Emily was a careful, if not particularly good, driver.

Every fine afternoon, therefore, they went for a drive along the coast or a short way up into the hills. In the late afternoon it was their especial delight to drive up to a spot some three hundred yards above the Villa Florabella, which commanded a glorious view of the sun setting beyond the serried ridges of the Esterel.

It was an enchanted place, but unfortunately Ernest was aware of its attractions for the two women.

The gods, meanwhile, were enjoying their little joke because they, being gods, were aware of something that Ernest didn't know. They knew Ernest's Aunt Geraldine had executed another will so that, even if he were to contrive to drop her and Emily down into the crater of an active volcano, their simultaneous demise would be of no benefit to him whatsoever.

On the afternoon with which we are concerned there was a break with custom. Mrs. Abbott decided that, instead of going for a drive along the coast and taking tea at one of its hundreds of teashops, she felt well enough to take a short walk. Emily, therefore, drove her up to the vantage point, from which they were in the habit of watching the sunset. Parking the car, they set out together in the golden afternoon sunshine along a flat footpath which led along the hillside.

Ernest, who had been enjoying a solitary stroll in the other direction, came upon the car unexpectedly. He wasn't a much better mechanic than he was lawyer, but with a spanner and a hammer from the tool kit it did not take him long to drain off the fluid from the hydraulic brakes.

Confident that he had not been seen—although in this he was wrong—Ernest strolled off happily to the Villa Florabella. He whiled away the time of waiting by trying to calculate what the speed of the car would be when it hit the town below. A car weighing about 2,800 lb., after travelling some seven hundred yards down a one-in-eight gradient would, according to Ernest's best estimate, be travelling at approximately 200 m.p.h. . . .

This was the cue that Hyacinthe Duplessis had been waiting for. He had been snoozing behind a clump of rhododendrons while Ernest had been putting the curse on the car's hydraulic brakes and when he awoke he had assumed lazily that Ernest was making some minor adjustment.

But in any event, nobody would have believed Hyacinthe no matter what he swore to seeing. Hyacinthe, according to the nurses in the Cannes hospital, who ought to know, told lies while under an anaesthetic.

Hyacinthe searched diligently

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 34

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George Bernard Shaw

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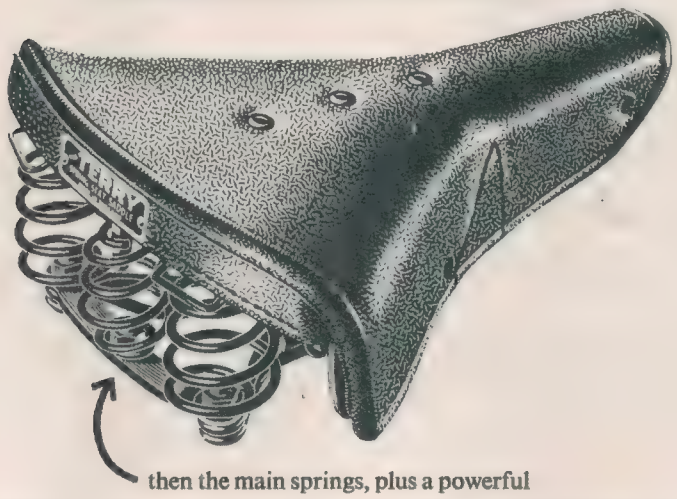

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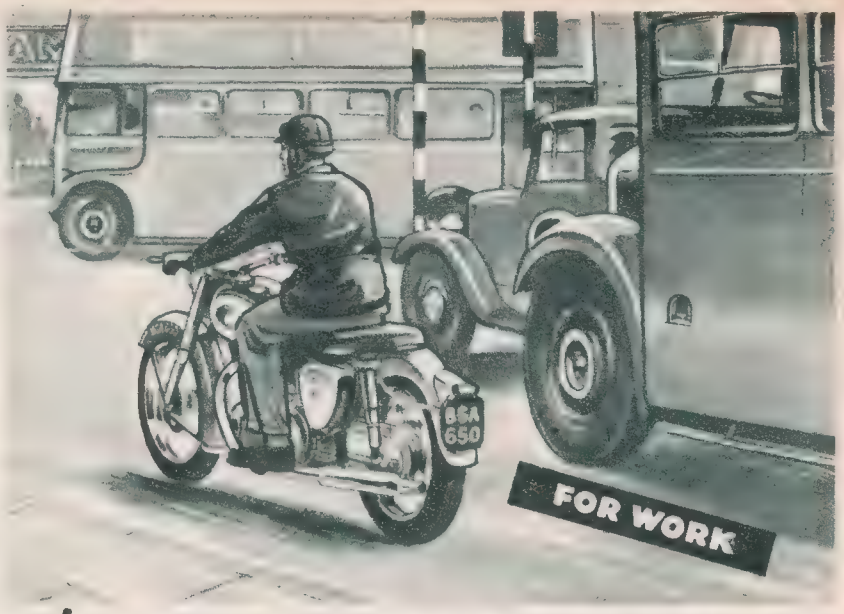

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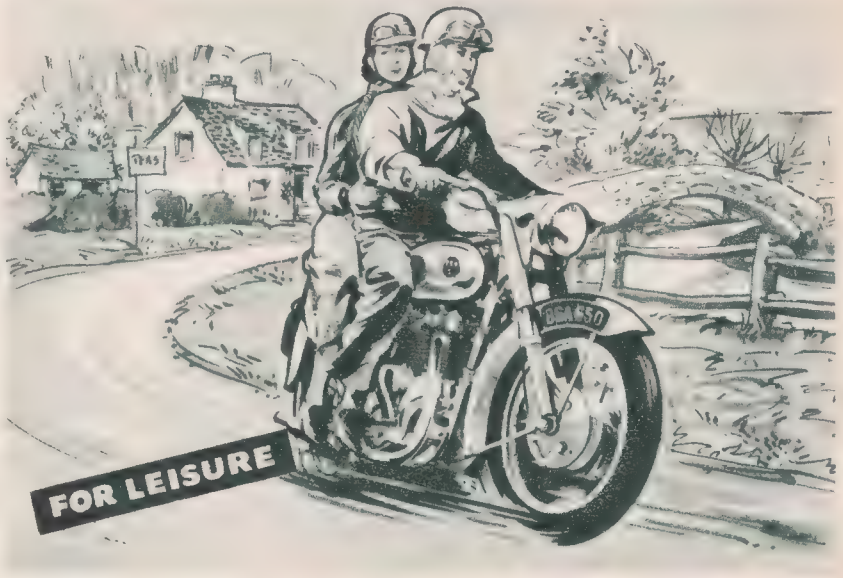

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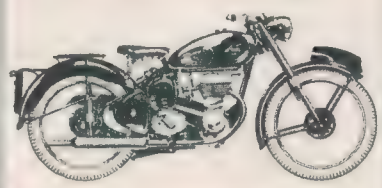

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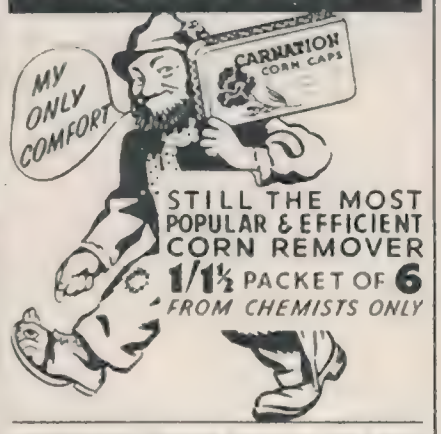

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through the car, which was not locked. His haul amounted to one pair of sun glasses, half a bar of nut-milk chocolate and a London newspaper three days old.

Then, like a flash, it came to Hyacinthe that he had never stolen a car. Why not? His cousin Marius in Toulon, a couple of hours distant, was one of a ring that dealt in "hot" cars.

Hyacinthe climbed into the driver's seat—there was the ignition key waiting for him—whistling happily. . . .

Hyacinthe was late for his appointment already. His slab in the morgue had been empty since noon, when it was vacated by an Algerian who, to the scandal of everyone who mattered, had been washed up on the private beach belonging to the Hotel Magnifico. Mercifully, it was out of season.

Hyacinthe wasn't a particularly good driver. For that matter, he wasn't a particularly good thief either. He had botched his life and now it only had a few seconds to run. The car was doing about 60 m.p.h. when it hit the sharp bend by the Villa Florabella.

Even if Hyacinthe knew nothing about centrifugal force, the car did. It went off at a tangent, hitting the Villa Florabella in the bay windows of the dining-room, where Ernest was still whiling away time.

When Mrs. Abbott and Emily returned from their walk the villa had been burned to the ground. What was left of Ernest and Hyacinthe was being carried out of the smoking ruins.

Mrs. Abbott and Emily went to an hotel. A telegram went off to Mr. George Masterson asking him to come to Cannes in a hurry as Mrs. Abbott wished to make a new will. The last one had lost its meaning, for under its terms Ernest—there's bitter irony for you!—Ernest was the residuary legatee after provision had been made for a small life income for Emily.

But Fate hadn't yet finished with its jests at the expense of poor Ernest. Mr. Masterson came by air. He and Mrs. Abbott between them persuaded Emily to accept the position of salaried life trustee of a charitable foundation created by her fortune.

A mistral was blowing on the day of Ernest's funeral. Since Ernest was the nephew whom she disliked least, Mrs. Abbott insisted upon being present. The chill she caught proved fatal.

THERE should be a moral to this story somewhere, for all those concerned received their just deserts. Ernest, who murdered Hyacinthe—for that is how the law would have regarded it—was hoist by his own petard. Hyacinthe, who had no driving licence, paid a high price for the omission. Mrs. Abbott brought to an end a long and, in the main, happy life, with the minimum of suffering. Mr. Masterson charged a thumping big fee for the administration of the estate, to make up for all the legal advice he had given Mrs. Abbott gratis. And that leaves Emily. . . .

Emily, who of them all was far and away the finest character, came out of it all best. Like a butterfly, Emily had for a few brief and ecstatic moments sipped the nectar of love. That the man she married was a base and unworthy creature is unimportant, for Ernest is still enshrined in her heart as the gay, handsome, debonair Sir Galahad of her dreams.

Kind, gentle Emily has been allowed to keep her illusions, the key to the secret of undying youth. THE END

Shadow of the moon

Continued from page 11

from what you will have seen of Calcutta and Delhi, I am afraid you may be sadly disappointed in Lunjore."

"Oh, but I never expected it to be gay," Winter hastened to assure her. "And I know that Conway—Mr. Barton—will be far too hard worked once he is well again to have much time for entertainments."

"Has he been ill?" Mrs. Cottar inquired in some surprise. "I didn't know. But then, I have not seen him for above a week."

Winter said slowly: "But Mr. Carroll, whom I met in Delhi, told me that he has been ill since late August."

"Ill? Feathers! Did Jack Carroll say that? No doubt he simply meant that Con was in a melancholy way after one of his bachelor parties."

Mrs. Cottar paused, and then added: "I'm afraid the men will miss those parties now that Con is married. But I hope that you do not mean to discontinue our Tuesday sociables? We gamble, you know. Do you play cards?"

"No," said Winter. "No. I—I have never——"

"We must teach you. And you need not be afraid that Con will be too overworked to enter into our few entertainments. Why, he is the idlest of creatures. He lets Alex Randall do all the work, while he takes all the credit."

Alex Randall—the commissioner's aide; Winter heard his name with a queer sense of shock. It was Captain Randall who had returned to England to bring her out to Conway.

She remembered now, amid all the chatter and laughter around her, how Captain Randall had tried to warn her against the marriage she was contemplating; how she refused to listen. . . .

She came back to the present to hear Mrs. Cottar saying: "Quite shocking, is it not, Con?"

"No idea what you are talking about, Lou, my witch," said Conway Barton, coming to anchor beside them. "But I am ready to be shocked. What is it—a new scandal?"

"On the contrary. An old one. I was telling your wife that you allow Alex Randall to do all the work while you take all the credit."

"What's shockin' about that?" demanded the commissioner. "Randall likes work. Meat and drink to the man! Peculiar taste. Shockin' fool I'd be if I wore myself out doing what someone else will do for me! I've better use f'my time, m'dear."

He held out his glass to be refilled by an obsequious *khidmutgar*. "Alex deals with the business while I take care of the pleasure," he went on. "Very satisfact'ry arrangement."

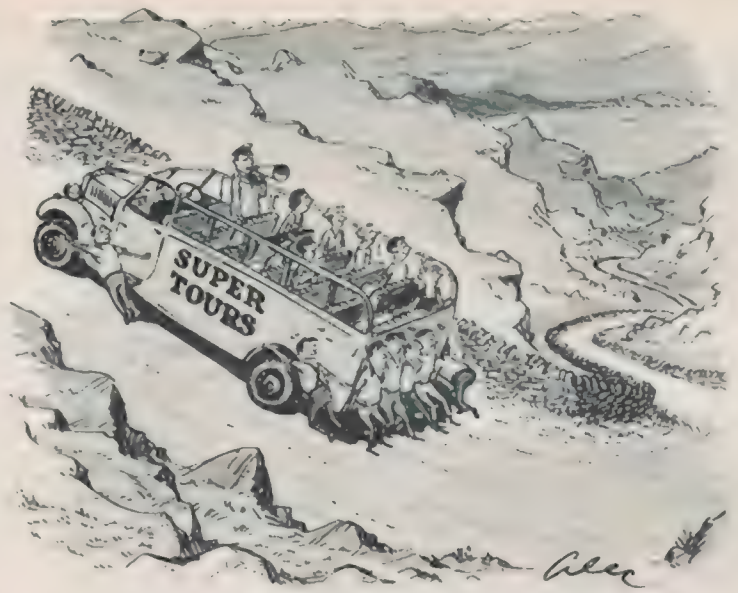
He drank deeply and looked down at his wife's white, rigid face. "Mustn't forget I'm a married man now, though. Not so much straying from the straight and narrow—eh, m'dear?" He pinched Winter's chin as he spoke and slopped a quantity of brandy down her dress.

The rest of the evening was a nightmare to Winter, a dreadful, feverish dream of babble and noise and the clink of glasses. She sat on a sofa with her back straight and her head high and a small social smile frozen on her face. She answered when she was

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 32

IT is an offence to offer prizes at a coco-nut shy, says a barrister-at-law. The law on this subject is more than a hundred years old and prosecutions are rare. But the penalty is severe: a £50 fine and three months' imprisonment. The Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries and Gambling has recommended that the Act concerned, the 1853 Betting Act, should be repealed.



". . . And now, if the gentlemen will kindly pause a moment, we shall enjoy from this vantage point a magnificent view of no fewer than seven counties"

spoken to, but her voice did not seem to belong to her any more.

It was midnight before the guests departed.

Winter stood on the porch steps beside her husband while carriage wheels rolled away and horses' hoofs scattered the gravel.

"Well, we may not have had a full-dress weddin'," Conway said, "but we cer'ly had a capital celebration. Don't get married every day of yer life, s'just as well to enjoy it. Eat, drink and ge'married. That's it, ain't it, m'dear?"

He appeared to expect some reply, and Winter said in a stiff, expressionless voice: "I am very tired. I think, if you do not mind, I will go to bed."

"That's right. You go to bed. I won't keep you waiting," Conway said, and laughed uproariously.

Winter turned away and walked slowly and unsteadily to her room, as though it were she and not Conway who was drunk.

Her world, the dream world she had built up for years and planned for and longed for and lived for, was in ruins about her. She thought of the long road she had travelled, the road that had brought her to this. . . .

WINTER had been so excited about coming back to India, never forgetting her happy childhood days in the Rose Palace — the Gulab Mahal — in Lucknow. That was after her parents died, when she lived with her Aunt Juanita. Aunt Juanita had married into an Indian family and the Rose Palace was her home.

Winter de Ballesteros was the daughter of a Spanish nobleman with estates in India. She had a Spanish title herself—she was the Condesa de los Aguilares—but on her mother's side she was English, with a great-grandfather who was an English earl. And in due course, after her parents' death, she was summoned home to England, to live in great-grandfather's house at Ware.

How lonely she was there! She came to England as a sallow child who spoke English haltingly, with a pronounced accent. She was never happy at Ware, and she never ceased to dream wistfully of India, that impossibly sunny and colourful land.

Winter was twelve when Conway Barton visited Ware. Before he left for India again he spoke to the earl of his interest in her. She was summoned, the situation explained to her and her future decided.

On the day he left Ware, Conway presented Winter with a ring. It was a small thing, made to fit a slim finger, yet still too large for Winter's childish hand.

"You cannot wear it on the correct finger yet," Conway said, slipping it on to the third finger of Winter's right hand. "But it is only a token. One day, when you are grown up, I shall give you another one, the brightest diamond I can find in India. You must grow up quickly, and you must not forget me while you are doing it."

"Forget you? As if I would!" Winter exclaimed. "I love you better than anyone, except great-grandfather."

Conway Barton patted her head encouragingly and rode away.

It seemed then the most delightful thing in the world. Dear Mr. Barton, who was so kind—surely the kindest person she had ever known—would one day come back to Ware for her. If great-grandfather died she would not be left alone. Mr. Barton would take her back to that golden, enchanted land whose memories he had reawakened for her.

Things had not turned out quite that way, however. When the earl died, Mr. Barton found his duties as Commissioner of Lunjore too pressing for him to be able to leave India just then. He accordingly sent Captain Alex Randall, his A.D.C., to bring Winter out to him.

When Captain Randall arrived at Ware, Winter did not like him. He seemed cold and aloof and appeared more interested in stopping her marriage to Conway than in furthering it. Both in England and on the voyage out, and in India, he hinted that she was making a grave mistake.

In India, finally, Alex Randall told her the truth.

"I'm sorry, but you've got to know," he said. "Barton is not a fit person for you to have anything to do with, let alone marry.

"The plain fact of the matter is that Mr. Barton suffers from over-indulgence in drink, drugs and women."

Winter stared at him. For a moment she had almost believed him, but this was too much. For some reason of his own, Captain Randall hated Conway and was doing his best to prevent his marriage. That was the only possible explanation of his attitude.

"You're lying," she said coldly, and turned away.

She was resolved now that she must reach Conway's side with the least possible delay, and by the luckiest of chances she happened to meet Ameera, the Indian cousin whom she had lived with at the Rose Palace in her childhood days. It was with Ameera that she travelled the last stage of the long journey to Lunjore.

Now, as she lay numbly in bed, her thoughts went back to Alex Randall. . . .

He had not been lying. She needed no more proof of that now than the

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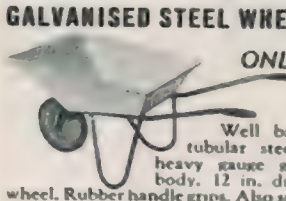
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sight of Conway Barton, her husband, staring at her with red-rimmed eyes from the bedroom door. . . .

It was a week after Winter's marriage to the commissioner when Alex Randall returned to Lunjore, at the end of a mission to Delhi.

He walked over to the Residency in the starlight, and was ushered into the commissioner's drawing-room. It was brightly lit and empty, and he felt at once that there was something unusual about it. The furniture had been rearranged and the place was clean. There were three vases of flowers.

He was frowning abstractedly at an arrangement of orange lilies and yellow jasmine when a door at the far end of the room opened. He looked up and saw Winter.

He should have been prepared for it, but he was not. When he last saw her, he had been sure then that, young as she was, she possessed too much character and courage to allow herself to be forced by circumstances into this marriage, once she had seen again the man to whom she was betrothed.

THE whole idea of this marriage was repugnant to him. He had found his mission to England to fetch the commissioner's bride-to-be utterly distasteful right from the start. It was obvious that Conway Barton had no interest in this girl other than that provided by the long tale of her possessions and estates.

By the time Captain Randall reached India with Winter, his distaste for the match had hardened into loathing. For by that time he was falling in love with her himself. . . .

Now they stood quite still. Alex said harshly: "Did you marry him?"

"Yes." The word was barely a breath.

"Why?"

Winter did not answer him, but she moved her head in a slight, helpless gesture that was less a refusal to answer than hopelessness. . . .

In the months that followed, Winter and Alex rarely met. Conway did not allow the fact that he was now married to alter his way of life to any great extent, and his more raffish friends were still frequent visitors at the Residency.

Winter made no friends among the British community. She was too frozen with misery. But there was still India. That had not betrayed her.

She came to have many friends and acquaintances in the city, unexpected friends and strange acquaintances who would have horrified and disgusted her husband had he known of them. But Conway took little interest in his wife's doings.

Alex knew, and, though it had at first disturbed him that Winter should go so freely and so far afield about the countryside and the city, he came to the conclusion that her greatest safety might one day lie in such friendships.

Alex's work was mainly political, taking him into the bazaar and the secret places of the city, mostly at night. He listened much and said little. Rumours and whispers reached his ears. He knew, better than any other *Feringhee*, how nineteenth-century India felt about the rule of John Company. He knew that revolt was brewing.

It would come first in the cities; the bazaar rabble was ripe for rising. And those who were working against the company would spread the disaffection far and wide. If the Bengal Army mutinied—and there was much discontent among the sepoys—the East India Company's reign would be ended. But how many innocent lives would be lost?

In Lunjore Alex found his warnings went unheeded. He damned the pig-headed complacency of officers such as Colonel Gardener-Smith and Colonel Moulson. They accused him of scare-mongering. And Conway Barton, fuddled by brandy, ignored the whole thing.

In one of his few conversations with Winter, Alex told of his fears. He had just come from a frustrating interview with Colonel Gardener-Smith and was boiling with helpless rage.

The Enfield rifle was then being issued to native regiments. The rifle

"No point in starting a rain dance for another forty-eight hours or so"

was loaded with a greased cartridge which had first to be bitten at the end. Alex, suspecting that the cartridges were greased by animal fat—which, if it were so, would offend the religious principles of both Hindus and Musulmans—asked the colonel to arrange for the cartridges to be greased locally. The colonel refused.

Telling her of the interview, Alex spoke with a savage bitterness that startled Winter.

"What will happen?" she asked.

He said shortly: "This is what will happen. We shall see the ruin, in one day or in twenty days, of what might have been the finest army in the world. We shall build it up again, but it will never be quite the same.

"There will be atrocities on both

MUSIC—4

It is the best of all trades to make songs, and the second best to sing them.

Hilaire Belloc

sides—all sides. The East drops straight into barbarism when it is frightened or enraged, and we shall follow its example and call it revenge. There will be murders and massacres. . . ."

That same month—January, 1857—it began. It began when a man of low caste, a lascar who worked in the ammunition factory at Dum-Dum, stopped a high-caste sepoy during the heat of the day and begged a drink from his lota, the brass water-pot carried by every caste Hindu and religiously preserved from defilement.

The sepoy stared less in anger than astonishment at the outrageous request. "How can that be, fool? I am a Brahmin, and my caste forbids it."

"Caste? What is caste?" grinned the lascar. "The cartridges that we prepare here are defiled with the fat of hogs and cattle, and soon we will be as one—casteless together—when the new guns are given out to the *pultuns* and ye bite the cartridges daily."

"What is that?" said the sepoy thickly. "Tell again!"

The lascar did so, with embellishments, and the sepoy ran to his comrades in the lines.

Here was proof at last of the duplicity of the *Feringhees*. The hated policies of annexation and Lapse, the suppression of *suttee*, the seizure of land, the deposing of kings and the curtailment of pay and power and privilege were as nothing to this, for this struck at the deepest beliefs of men, in that it destroyed their souls.

Hindu and Mohammedan together recoiled in horror from sacrilege and defilement, and panic spread through the lines. From there, with the incredible swiftness that fear lends to evil tidings, it swept out across India.

A hundred men—a hundred thousand—picked up the panic whisper and passed it on. "It is an order from *Belait*—from the queen and her council—that by means of the cartridges all sepoys, both Musulman and Hindu, be defiled; so that, being made casteless, they shall do the will of the *sahib log* as slaves for ever! We are betrayed by the *Feringhees* who have stolen our country and now wish to steal our souls."

It was then that the nocturnal fires started. Suddenly, in the night, the thatch of an officer's bungalow would catch fire, set alight more often than not by a blazing arrow shot by some unseen hand. There were midnight meetings of men with muffled faces who kept to the shadows of walls.

Then the news that the 19th Regiment of Native Infantry at Berhampore, a hundred miles to the north of Calcutta, had broken out into mutiny spread upwards through India and fanned the panic.

But the mutiny, which flared up so suddenly, died out without violence. An inquiry into the question of the greased cartridges was instituted, and proceeded upon its ponderous way. And officers who had begun to eye the men under their command with anxiety relaxed again.

The rumours died down, and the Commissioner of Lunjore, who consistently pooh-poohed the possibility of any serious trouble arising, remarked complacently that it was a mere tempest in a teapot, adding that there was too much panic about among fellows who ought to know better.

March came and went, without any further demonstrations, and men who had been smelling the wind uneasily put aside their fear and concurred with the popular conviction that the peak of the general unrest had passed. Alex Randall was reminded of the lull before the storm.

Winter heard from Lottie Abuthnot—who was now the wife of Lieutenant Edward English. The two girls had shared a cabin in the Sirius, the ship in which Winter travelled out to India. Lottie's mother, Mrs. Abuthnot, the wife of an officer stationed in Delhi, was Winter's chaperon on the journey.

Lottie was very happy. She would soon be having her first child. She was with Edward, who was in Delhi on special duty. They were not living in the cantonments but in a house inside the city itself, not far from the Kashmir gate.

Mama sent her love, wrote Lottie, and she was sure her sister Sophie would have done so too, but Sophie was in Cawnpore visiting friends and would not be returning to Delhi until May 13.

Lottie's news disturbed Winter, for she had thought that Lottie at least was safe. She had intended to live in Meerut, where well over a thousand British soldiers formed the strongest European garrison in the North-Western Provinces. But Delhi!—there were no British regiments in Delhi.

Winter received, too, a letter from her Indian cousin Ameera. It was pressed into the top of her short boot as she was riding through the noisy, crowded streets of Lunjore. And all at once she was afraid.

She stopped at the first rest-house on the dusty Lunjore road and removed the small, folded square of paper that pressed into her flesh.

It was a brief enough message:

Cara—They have set the auspicious day. Therefore go swiftly to the sea and take ship for Belait, for tho' no harm will befall thee before the last day of the new month, after that there will be no safety anywhere. Least of all where there be regiments.

There was no signature, but Winter did not need one. Only Ameera would have prefaced the broken script with that single Spanish endearment.

She managed to hand the letter personally to Alex Randall. He read it with narrowed eyes, but there were servants in the room at the time and he said nothing, merely tucking the letter into his tunic pocket.

So he was right, he thought. A day and a date. He had been sure that it would be so. The leaders of the revolt—men like Kishan Dass and the Mulvi of Fyzabad—would not content themselves with stirring up general discontent. They were working for a general mutiny of the Bengal Army, coupled with a popular rising, and such a thing called for a day and a date.

The last day of May the letter said—and it was already the third. Three days gone. Twenty-seven left. Twenty-seven days in which to turn aside the wind that was rising steadily and blowing hot and fitfully through every cantonment in India. . . .

The telegraph did not as yet operate in Lunjore, and it was not until two days later that the news trickled over the border from Oudh that on Sunday, May 3, the 7th Regiment of Oudh Irregulars had refused to accept their cartridges and mutinied. Sir Henry Lawrence apparently succeeded in disarming the regiment, and fifty of the ringleaders were seized.

In far-away Calcutta a senior member of the Supreme Council finished reading Sir Henry's telegraphed report and picked up his pen. "The sooner this epidemic of mutiny is put a stop to, the better," he wrote. "Mild measures won't do. A severe example is wanted. . . ."

In Meerut, forty miles to the north-east of Delhi, Colonel Carmichael Smyth, the commanding officer of the 3rd Light Cavalry, sat at breakfast. "The sentence was entirely just," said Colonel Smyth.

He had paraded fifteen picked men from each of his troops for the purpose of learning to use the new ammunition. But of the ninety men paraded, eighty-five refused to handle the caste-breaking cartridges.

They were immediately tried by court-martial and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. A parade of all troops was ordered by the aged divisional commander, Major-General Hewitt, to watch the sentence put into execution.

For hour after hour, under the broiling sun, the troops stood in stony-faced

he really should use

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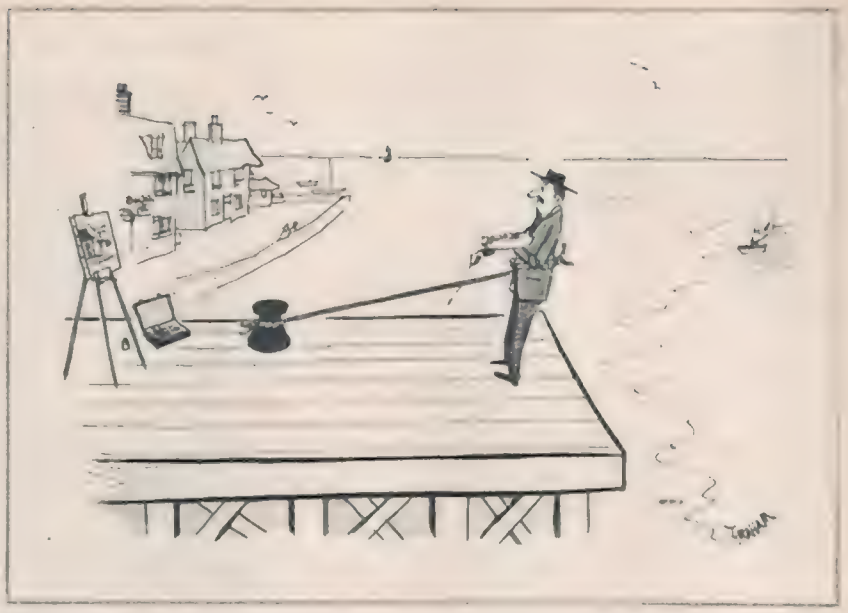

silence and watched the eighty-five picked men of a picked regiment stripped of their uniforms and fettered one by one with the iron fetters that they would drag with them through ten dreary years of captivity. . . .

"Wait, brothers! Wait—wait! Have patience! Remember the auspicious day. It is too soon!" urged the agents of Ahmed Ullah, the Mulvi of Fyzabad; of Dhundu Pant, the Nana of Bithoor; of Kishan Dass. . . .

"Art thou of the Risala?" shrilled a harpy in the Street of the Harlots in Meerut city to a group of prospective clients as night fell. "The 3rd Risala sayest thou? Then thou canst not enter here. Out!—out!"

She spat expressively and a chorus of jeering, painted faces applauded her from a dozen latticed windows and balconies, screaming like peacocks: "Out! Out! Release your brothers from bondage."

Their taunts and their jeers pursued the men of the 3rd Cavalry through the hot, crowded, snarling bazaars of Meerut city, driving them from rage to a murderous frenzy. . . .

Winter dipped her pen once more into the ink and added a date below the address that she had already written at the top of the blank sheet of letter paper: *Sunday, May 10th, 1857. Dear Lottie.* . . .

She was writing to Lottie in Delhi and Delhi was far away. She could not know that her worst fears had been

MUSIC—5

Melody is the absolute language in which the musician speaks to every heart.

Richard Wagner

realized, that mutiny had now broken out there too.

All through that same long, hot Sunday the shrieks of women and the terrified screaming of children, the crackle of flames and the howl of the mob, rose up from Durriowgunge—that once quiet quarter of Delhi where the European and Eurasian clerks and pensioners and Indian Christians had lived—and were now dying in terror and agony in the blinding sunlight.

All through that long, hot day in Meerut, where the terror started and from where the mutineers, after a night of murder, rode for Delhi, frantic officers ground their teeth and waited, or pleaded for permission to ride after them. There were more British troops in Meerut than in almost any other garrison in India, and not all the native regiments had revolted. Only let them follow up the mutineers and save Delhi before it was too late—or at least send warning.

But General Hewitt was old and fat and infirm, and the magnitude of the crisis left him too bewildered to take any decisive action; Brigadier Wilson, left to take the initiative, hesitated and was lost.

"We must think of the women and children," said Brigadier Wilson uneasily. "We must protect them. We cannot risk a repetition of last night's massacres." And he would not let them go.

All that same day the Delhi garrison waited and hoped, and watched the Meerut road for the help that they could not believe would fail them. And every moment that the help delayed, the mutineers of the 3rd Cavalry and those who had joined them grew bolder, and the city rabble gathered before the palace, while the tatterdemalion court of the aged King of Delhi grew hourly more confident.

"It is true—it is true," urged Zeenut Mahal, the scheming favourite of old Bahadur Shah. "They say that they have killed every *Feringhee* in Meerut; men, women and children also. It must be true, for see—there is no dust-cloud on the Meerut road. If any remained alive, think you they would not ride with all speed for Delhi to take vengeance?"

"It is true—it must be true!" said the scum of the city, sharpening swords and knives for the slaughter. "They have killed every *Feringhee* in Meerut. Let us do the like here!"

The slaughter continued. Lottie saw her father cut down by his own men, an expression of utter disbelief upon his rubicund, cherubic face, as though he could not and would not believe, even in the moment of his death, that this thing was possible.

Lottie made no sound, because she herself did not believe what she had seen. Standing with her mother and a dozen other women and their children who had taken refuge with the main guard within the Kashmir Gate, she saw her father ride up to the gate with his men; placid and confident.

She heard his fussy, fatherly voice raised in expostulation when his men checked before the gate. And a minute later she saw him dragged from his horse and three bayonets plunged into his body. . . .

"I don't see how we can hold out much longer, sir," said Conductor Buckley to Lieutenant Willoughby who commanded the Delhi Magazine. "The perishers have brought scaling ladders."

His words were barely audible above the howling of the mob and the incessant rattle and crash of gunfire. They had been holding the magazine since morning, and now the sun was moving down the sky again. Was it only four o'clock? Nine of them, against a howling mob of thousands. Nine of them to man ten guns——

"Scully says the trail's laid, sir," yelled Conductor Buckley. "Any sign from the Meerut road yet, sir?"

Young Lieutenant Willoughby ran to the river bastion and strained his eyes for a last look down the hot, empty road where the heat haze danced

and shimmered under the brazen sky.

"No," he said shortly. "They are not coming. Perhaps they are all dead. We cannot wait any longer."

He looked up once at the blue of the sky, his eyes calm and youthful in the sweating, dust-grimed, powder-blackened mask that was his face, and then glanced at the swarming thousands clambering in monkey-wise over the walls, hemming the defenders into the last narrow square of ground.

"We shall take a good many of them with us," said Lieutenant Willoughby. "All right Buckley. Give him the signal to fire it."

"Oh my God! What's that?" shrieked stout Mrs. Peters, crouched against Mrs. Abuthnot's skirts, as the ground and the walls and the very sky seemed to rock and reel and sway to the appalling crash of sound.

And, as though the sound of the explosion had been a signal, the sullen, hesitating sepoys within the main gate now turned upon those taking refuge there. Lottie saw her mother fall without a sound, a hole through her temple. She saw a sabre slash down through her husband Edward's head, laying it open almost to the shoulder.

She screamed then, and ran down from the wall, fighting to go to Edward. But someone caught her and dragged her struggling and shrieking to the battlements. Then hands were gripping her wrists and she was being lowered down on the other side of the wall, swaying, turning against the hot stone, and screaming for Edward.

The makeshift life-line of hastily knotted belts broke, and she fell and struck the hard ground and rolled into the ditch, the breath knocked out of her body. She was caught up again and dragged on and up the steep escarpment, running and stumbling over the rough ground to plunge headlong into the tangled thickets of the Kudsia Bagh. . . .

As the last of the daylight faded, those who had stood all day on the Ridge of Delhi, hoping and fearing and waiting for the help from Meerut that never came, were moving at last.

"It will be dark in half an hour," said the brigadier, his eyes still straining towards the empty Meerut road. "The women must go, and they will need protection. You had all better go while the road to Karnal is still open. I shall stay here."

The glare of burning bungalows in the cantonment made a second sunset in the sky as carriages and dog-carts and men on foot and on horseback streamed away into the gathering darkness, to begin that long torment of flight through a hostile land, during which so many were to die.

The brigadier waited until they had gone, and, with the last remaining officer in his staff, faced the sullen remnants of his command—restless, uneasy but not yet in open revolt.

"Sound the Assembly," said the brigadier; and heard the familiar bugle-call ring out in the silence.

A single figure, a sepoy of the 74th Bengal Native Infantry, answered the summons. He was the only one to remain faithful to his salt out of all those serried ranks of men who twenty-four hours ago would have obeyed that call. . . .

It was noon on Wednesday when a dispatch rider from Suthraganj on a lathered horse arrived in Lunjore. He waited only long enough to deliver the sealed letter he carried to the commissioner's head *chuprassi* and to water his horse before setting out on his return journey.

Alex was not told of his arrival; and the commissioner, handed the letter on a salver during luncheon, stuffed it into his pocket unread, and forgot about it until the following morning.

It was nearly midday when he read it at last, and then he could not at first take in the badly worded statement in contained. His first reaction was incredulity. The thing was a hoax, a ridiculous practical joke. It must be, because it could not possibly be true.

But it was written on official paper, and he knew that scrawled signature.

The blood seemed to leave his heart then, and drain out of his body. His pale eyes bulged with shock and the paper dropped from his hand and slid to the floor, where the draught from the punkah sent it fluttering lazily across the drawing-room carpet.

It was Winter who picked it up, and Winter who sent for Alex. He arrived to find the commissioner gulping down his third glass of brandy and, under its influence, returning to his first view of the situation.

"Hoax!" said Mr. Barton thickly. "Can't be anything else."

"I'm afraid not, sir," said Alex, running his eye down the single sheet of paper. He looked at the quivering bulk that slumped on the sofa, glass in hand, and said curtly: "Where is the man who brought this? When did it arrive?"

THE commissioner swallowed the remainder of the brandy in his glass. "Can't be expected to deal with everything," he said loudly and defensively. "How was I to know it was important? Might have been an invitation to a shoot, f'r all one knew. Put it in m' pocket. Forgot it. Very natural."

"It arrived during luncheon yesterday," Winter said quietly. "I think the man left almost immediately."

Alex said nothing. He looked at his chief with a contempt and exasperation which he made no attempt to disguise. Then he turned and left the room.

"Damned impertinence!" said Mr. Barton querulously.

Less than an hour later a hurriedly convened conference of a dozen appalled men met round the commissioner's dining-room table to discuss the emergency arising out of the incredible—the impossible—news, and to decide what measures, if any, might belatedly be taken to safeguard Lunjore from the mutiny and massacre that had overtaken Meerut and Delhi.

To be continued next week

"Shadow Of The Moon" by M. M. Kaye is to be published by Longmans in the spring of next year

Your garden and mine

by PERCY THROWER

I HAVE found a cheap and effective way to prevent slugs eating my cabbage plants. I tear a newspaper into six-inch squares and soak the pieces in salt solution, allowing them to dry. I wrap each plant from the top roots to the lowest leaves in a tube of the paper before planting.—*H. Busby, Baslow Road, Totley Rise, Sheffield.*

When my runner beans are about two inches long I place jars of water a yard apart alongside the plants. The growing pods seem to point straight to the water. I never get a plant with crooked pods.—*Edward T. Evans, Gelli Pentre, Rhondda, Glamorgan.*

PERCY THROWER says: Before the use of the newer insecticides, gardeners often slipped tarred discs round the stems of cabbage and similar plants. Wrapping the plants in paper soaked in brine would not only prevent slug attacks but also guard against cabbage root fly, which in recent years has caused heavy losses.

When I was first working as a gardener we used to put trays of water under cucumber plants to encourage the growth of large, straight cucumbers. Mr. Evans's idea would be of great value to the gardener wanting to grow runner beans or cucumbers for exhibition.

JOHN BULL pays five guineas each for the best original, topical gardening hints sent to Percy Thrower, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

Wizards at war

Continued from page 17

technicians he designed a kerb for Swiss Roll which could be placed in position after the floating bridge had been anchored.

To his delight he found that this steered the truck perfectly. The driver could, in fact, negotiate the floating roadway blindfold, or with his hands off the steering wheel, and no amount of skidding caused by the waves placed the vehicle in any peril.

Other experiments were carried out to test the stability of the bridge in rough seas. A motor torpedo boat was brought into the tidal basin where Swiss Roll lay and while a lorry started down the track in one direction, the M.T.B., proceeding at high speed on an opposite course, raised seven-foot waves which hurled themselves against the frail structure. The lorry rode the waves like the most seaworthy of boats and Goodeve was able to report jubilantly: "I am satisfied that the bridge will be unharmed by storms, and will be usable in all but the worst weather."

By mid-summer the Hamiltons were no longer living permanently at the Grosvenor. Most of the work was done at Portsmouth, but they retained the wing in the hotel, and frequently stayed odd nights there. Peter Hamilton spent much of the summer with them at Portsmouth. He would work all day on the development of the bridge and then study until late into the night, preparing for the two scholarship examinations he faced at Cambridge. He won both of them.

Although work on Swiss Roll was proceeding satisfactorily enough at this stage Hamilton himself now began to have doubts about its development. Never a calm man, he was living on his nerves. He drove himself at such a pace that the strain inevitably told on him—and on those around him. When he was tired and on edge he lost his self-control, making slighting bitter criticisms of his helpers. They would react violently at times, so that each side was unfair to the other.

His greatest handicap was his passion for inventing which, oddly enough, surpassed his interest in the successful completion of any of his projects. With Swiss Roll this tendency of his grew to a positive mania, and as the summer of 1942 wore on the trials at Portsmouth produced continual rows, culminating in a violent scene on the eve of the first full-scale demonstration of the bridge to senior officers from the Admiralty, the War Office, and the headquarters of Combined Operations.

Hamilton decided that further modifications must be made before Swiss Roll was shown to the V.I.P.s next day, and on his own initiative he gave orders for the bridge to be dismantled. His intention was to incorporate an additional form of stabilizer which had just occurred to him, and he asked for a special night shift of dockyard workers to carry out the job.

When Goodeve arrived from London that evening and found out what was happening, he was furious. He went to the dockyard, ordered the dismantled part of the bridge to be reassembled, and left it under armed guard. He then warned Hamilton that he was not to re-enter the dockyard that night.

Hamilton was in a frenzy. Bitterly, he accused Goodeve of sabotaging his plans, and he threatened to sue him. Reasoned argument was impossible with Hamilton in this hysterical mood, and Goodeve went to bed.

The demonstration next day was a complete success, but for some time afterwards Hamilton refused to be consoled. There were several further trials to be staged and Goodeve, disturbed at the prospect of what Hamilton might still try to do, telephoned Charlotte and asked her to calm her husband down.

"I've seen so many projects ruined because the inventor has refused to stop tampering with them," he said earnestly. Charlotte, to whom her husband's modifications seemed, at the time, so simple to carry out, disagreed with him. But Goodeve had seen the red light.

BY the end of the month the trials of Mark I had been completed. Hamilton, however, had had yet another new idea, and he was so obsessed with the belief that Swiss Roll could not work without its incorporation that he refused—for the time being, at least—to have anything more to do with the department's plans for the bridge.

The Wheezers and Dodgers had to go ahead without him, and an additional trials programme was drawn up. Tests made by experts at H.M.S. Excellent, the gunnery establishment at Portsmouth, proved that the planks of the bridge, being awash, were very difficult to damage by gunfire. The water cushioned and reduced the blast, and only six hits were scored in 180 cannon rounds. Excellent also reported that Swiss Roll would be immune from torpedo attack, and an unprofitable target for dive-bombing.

Eventually Hamilton calmed down. He wrote to the department apologizing for the "difference and difficulties." It had been an agonizing period, particularly for his family, but on October 8, Charlotte was able to record in her diary the single, thankful phrase: *Kiss and be friends.* The storm had spent itself at last, and early in 1943 construction of Swiss Roll began in Bute West Dock at Cardiff. A year later it was to form an important part of the floating harbour built off the Normandy invasion beaches.

With the production of Swiss Roll now going ahead Hamilton's inventive mind began to range out in new directions. He drew up preliminary designs of cross-Channel bridges, assault bridges, and aircraft runways. And he began to ponder the problem of the pier heads which would be needed for unloading cargo from ships at sea during the invasion.

He maintained that the simplest and most effective type of pier head would be a triangular, flexible floating carpet, which could be made fast to the ship. From this was born perhaps his most important invention of all—Lily, the floating runway for aircraft.

Using the same principle as Swiss Roll, Hamilton found that he could build whole artificial islands of any

full flavour and real fruit juice...

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shape or size on the surface of the sea. They were made of hundreds of hexagonal buoyancy cans, six feet wide, and thirty inches deep, which were linked and clamped together so ingeniously that they "gave" in controlled undulations while retaining a surface rigid enough to take the weight of heavy aircraft.

As with Swiss Roll, the appearance of the structure inspired its code name. As Hamilton's island lay on the sea, the six-sided cans which composed its surface looked just like the pads of some giant water-lily.

The department held the first full-scale trials of Lily off Lamlash, in the Isle of Arran. They found it was easily possible to assemble a strip 550 feet long and sixty feet wide in an hour, using a working party of forty men. From this runway a Swordfish aircraft made a series of rocket-assisted take-offs.

The experimental strip at Lamlash was deliberately limited in size, and only Swordfish and Auster aircraft could use it, but Hamilton showed by calculation that a similar runway 1,200 feet long and ninety feet wide would comfortably take a Hurricane fighter. The airfield could be easily dismantled, moved and reassembled, and more than once in those wild waters off the Scottish coast an impressive demonstration of this was given. In a wind approaching gale force an entire island was laid down on the sea and made secure by only two men.

Hiroshima, however, forestalled many plans. Lily was never tested in war, but Hamilton realized the peace-time possibilities of his invention, and after the war—when he had left the Wheezers and Dodgers—he formed a small company to exploit the patents for Swiss Roll and Lily commercially.

He was certain that his luck had changed at last. Once again the mirage of wealth and success beckoned to him. He saw many rôles for his floating islands—as pleasure promenades, artificial harbours, and safe bathing pools at seaside resorts. His Lily strips could be used as loading bays for flying boat stations, and he even put forward a suggestion for making additional car parks with Lily units along certain stretches of the Thames.

But these were the minor projects. His major plans were for the construction of vast floating airfields, and he went abroad—to Canada and Sweden—to sell the idea.

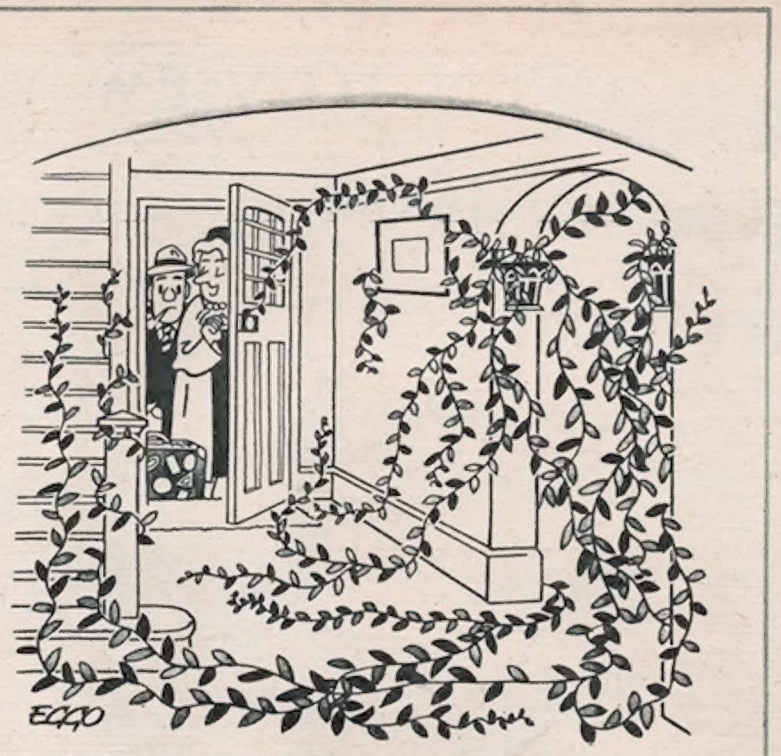
He was buoyantly optimistic, and success seemed within his grasp. Sweden sent an emissary to examine the possibilities of building a huge Lily island in the centre of Stockholm. They envisaged a terminal for trans-Atlantic aircraft, and for long a £15 million scheme was under serious consideration. In the end nothing came of it. But at last a definite offer was made. He was invited to build a Lily bridge across the Severn for £25,000.

Hamilton was wildly excited. Here was a wonderful shop window for his invention. It could sweep him to prosperity. But once again luck deserted him. The scouring effect of the tide in the river created unexpected problems in the anchoring of his bridge. While he was searching desperately for a remedy, the backers of the scheme, alarmed at his slow progress, withdrew financial support. And on this set-back the project folded up.

An award of £8,000 was made to him for his war-time inventions, but it came too late to be of any personal benefit. He had already been forced to sell his patents, and soon afterwards his little company passed into other hands.

Undaunted he turned his attention to a new sphere altogether, and began working on a scheme for eliminating wear and tear of railway rolling stock. His plan called for the use of a new type of rail, and raised interesting problems of heat expansion.

In the latter days of 1952 he summoned J. S. Herbert—an Eton master who had done important mathematical work on Swiss Roll—to London to discuss the mathematical calculations involved, and when they met he announced with all his old optimism that this time he could not fail to succeed; on Goodeve's introduction, British Railways had shown keen interest in his theories, and the first trials were to be held shortly.



"Ah well! It's nice to be home again. Doesn't seem we've been away all those weeks, does it?"

It struck the Eton master that Hamilton was far from well, but he seemed temporarily buoyed up by enthusiasm for the new project. When they got down to intricate technical argument, however, Herbert noticed that he grew rapidly tired, and seemed to find difficulty in concentrating.

It was the last time he ever saw him. In January, 1953, Hamilton died at the early age of fifty-four. The dreams of a genius remained unfulfilled, but, in his wartime association with the Wheezers and Dodgers, Ronald Hamilton had given his country tremendous service.

Side by side with its work on Hamilton's inventions, the department was carrying out trials with a wide range of other weapons. Some of the most spectacular were held when it was proposed to adapt Barnes Wallis's earthquake bomb—the bomb that busted the Möhne and Eder dams—to a naval version fired horizontally from naval torpedo boats.

Early results—from trials at Woolwich—using cordite propellant had not been encouraging. The projectile, an explosive sphere like a monster football, could be induced only to amble a mere fifty yards. When operations were transferred to Birnbeck pier—the department's research base at Weston-super-Mare—a different method of propulsion was suggested.

A catapult track was laid on the northern wing of the pier, and down this it was planned to fire a rocket-propelled trolley on which the projectile was mounted. Hydraulic cylinders would act as a buffer at the far end of the runway, so that the trolley would come to a dead stop while the missile hurtled on its course.

When this scheme was explained, some of the team had serious misgivings, for the trolley alone weighed six hundredweight, and even in the short space of the track's length it was expected to reach a speed of two hundred miles an hour. It seemed probable that the shock of bringing it to a dead halt would carry the whole jetty forward. Then Higher Authority decreed that the project was insecure on more grounds than the safety of the pier itself. Too much might be seen by onlookers from the shore.

So the Wheezers and Dodgers moved a short distance to Brean Down. Drenched by clouds of freezing spray, they set to work on the exposed headland, laboriously levelling a stretch of the rock-strewn ground for the catapult runway. Then a blast wall of sandbags filled with cement was built up round the back of the buffers at the seaward end to reinforce the hydraulic stopping gear.

The stage was now set for the launching of the missile. The small party gathered on the ridge behind the trolley, with its twelve two-inch rockets, waited tensely for the signal to fire, no one quite knowing what to expect. When the firing key was pressed, the trolley, enveloped in flame, hurtled down the track like a meteor. With a shattering roar it drove straight through the buffers, and the massive blast wall behind just disintegrated. The air was filled with a whirling mass of sandbags, wire hawsers and pieces of sheet steel, and the trolley, its rockets still belching tongues of yellow flame, vanished from sight.

Two more tracks were laid at Middle Hope cove, and the fresh site proved better in every way. There began a long series of trials, which proved both hazardous and exhausting. The huge steel balls weighed more than 70 lb., and they had to be recovered for examination from mud which was thirteen feet deep in places. Tons of shingle and seaweed had to be shovelled from the runway, and on one memorable occasion the department's working party unearthed the remains of two dead sheep.

Throughout its scale trials the secret missile achieved encouraging results. Its terrific speed across the surface of the water made it more impressive than a torpedo. For sea trials the department used an old barge called Mary. They fitted her with a special firing tube and towed her to Middle Hope, where she was then moored securely fore and aft. The rocket catapult system hitherto used for propelling the secret missile was now discarded in favour of an explosive charge.

Some headway was made with the firing trials on the barge, but great difficulty was found in reaching the required range, and in their efforts to increase the velocity of the projectile the Wheezers and Dodgers finally stepped up the explosive charge far beyond the safe limit of the firing tube.

The outcome was startling: the missile screamed past the marking post at the end of the range, and then, for some unknown reason, it swerved sharply towards the shore. Jumping a sea wall it plunged across the headland at the end of the cove, putting to flight a herd of terrified cattle. It was last seen heading out over the Atlantic.

The invention obviously needed a great deal of further research, but the department had to set it aside. For the war was sweeping towards its final climax, and the department was called upon to develop many strange devices for use in the invasion of Europe. One vital need was for a means of clearing the mines from enemy beaches.

Two important mine-clearing devices on which the department worked had the bizarre names of Bookrest and Tureen. Bookrest, originally developed to clear spaces in the dense jungle which came right down to the river banks in Burma, consisted of a long canvas hosepipe filled with plastic explosive. To the end of the hose was clamped a huge rocket, which rushed from its resting place in the bows of a landing craft towing several hundred feet of hose behind it. When it fell ashore the explosive in the hosepipe was detonated by remote control.

During the Wheezers and Dodgers' experiments, Jack Cooke—one of the department's most resourceful officers—used to fill the canvas hose by pouring in the explosive and ramming it tight by passing the hose through a kitchen mangle. Quite early on in the trials he discovered that Bookrest had to be treated with some caution, for a premature explosion on the beach at Saunton nearly wrecked the house of the local Naval Officer in Charge.

It was thought that the device might be useful for mine clearance, so exhaustive trials were carried out against mines buried at various depths in wet sand or beneath shallow water. The first time Louis Klemantaski—the department's photographer — filmed these experiments he emerged from the cover of a Sherman tank on the beach to find the surface of the sea covered with shoals of apparently dead fish.

He and Cooke were returning to London that night and the opportunity was too good to be missed. They borrowed a large basket and, cramming it full of fish, they carried it to the station.

It was a warm summer evening, and an obliging restaurant car attendant suggested that the fish would keep fresher if they were tipped into a basin in the bar attached to the coach. Unfortunately, however, the fish were only stunned, and in the cold water they quickly came to life. Soon all service in the restaurant car was brought to a stop, for the bar and the passage-way became strewn with convalescent bream and pollack, leaping and squirming in all directions.

The chief drawback of Bookrest as a device for mounting on board ship was, once again, the unpredictability of the rockets. There was always the danger of back-blast, which might imperil the landing craft itself, and it was difficult to find a sure method of securing the rockets to the hose.

Tureen, a similar device, suffered from the same defects. In this case the hose was fired ashore empty, and then a liquid explosive was pumped through it by compressed air. No one was particularly happy about handling this highly temperamental mixture, and Ron Eades, an R.N.V.R. officer who did much intrepid trials work, had a nerve-racking experience when demonstrating it to a group of visitors.

The explosive was stored in large rubber bottles, and as Eades had to transfer it into a tall metal container he stood on a ladder and the bottles were passed up to him. The fumes soon made him dizzy, and he was only half-way through his task when a loud sizzling sound was heard.

His entire audience wisely took to their heels, but Eades, reflecting that he was too close to the explosive to have any chance of escape if, indeed, it *was* on the point of detonation, remained in lonely isolation at the top

MUSIC—6

We are musically a nation of barbarians.

Sir Thomas Beecham

of his ladder, and continued to pour in the liquid.

To his vast relief the sizzling noise suddenly ceased, and one by one the spectators reappeared to congratulate him on his sang-froid. Not long afterwards a barge laden with the same substance blew up without any warning or apparent reason in the harbour of a south coast town, tearing the end off the pier and causing heavy casualties.

Tureen was eventually ruled too hazardous to be put into naval service, but a somewhat similar device was later destined to be used ashore by Canadian troops in order to clear a quick passage through a rubble-strewn street. In point of fact, the very reverse occurred, for when the hose went into action all the buildings still standing on the street promptly collapsed inwards, rendering it impassable.

But by far the most important mine-clearing device on which the department was at work was Hedgerow, a mortar apparatus in the development of which a brilliant mathematician called Edward Guggenheim played a leading part. It was designed to be fired from a special type of landing craft, the beaches being drenched by salvoes of bombs which exploded just above ground level.

To test its lethal radius the department team working from Birnbeck pier, Weston-super-Mare, laid specimen German minefields beneath the sand on Berrow Flats. When about sixty mines had been buried in mathematically precise patterns, a Hedgerow bomb would be detonated in the centre of the field. Hundreds of actual German Teller mines—lifted from the Western Desert, cleaned and reset—were used, and day after day fresh minefields were laid, first on the beach and later in shallow water.

The work grew increasingly hazardous, for it was known that the Teller mines deteriorated dangerously after six months, and the Birnbeck trials parties were using some at least two years old. When the early reports of the counter-mining experiments reached London a redoubtable woman scientist, Dr. David, queried some of the department figures, and volunteered to take part in the trials herself. She had several narrow escapes, once counter-mining a field from which the detonators had not been withdrawn, and eventually instructions came from the War Office that all Teller mines of a certain vintage should be destroyed.

As the development of Hedgerow had such a vital bearing on the fate of any invasion attempt, and the Wheezers and Dodgers were then on the brink of success, the order was boldly "misinterpreted" and eventually the department was ready to build a pilot model of the Hedgerow installation.

This had twenty-four spigot mortars, mounted in two parallel lines just abaft the ramp of the Tank Landing Craft which housed them. Guggenheim estimated that a salvo of Hedgerow rounds would blast a path through an enemy minefield one hundred and twenty yards long by eight yards wide.

HEDGEROW's first firing trials, held off Hayling Island, were an anti-climax. Combined Operations, who were responsible for the arrangements, looked up the tides for the wrong month, and the Tank Landing Craft ran aground too far out. Consequently, none of the rounds reached the beach. This contretemps had one practical result, however, for the idea of using Tank Landing Craft was abandoned in favour of the smaller L.C.A. (Assault Landing Craft), which could approach closer to the shore.

In March, 1943, the pilot model of the Hedgerow was transferred to an L.C.A. in Portsmouth Dockyard, and again they set off for the firing grounds off Hayling Island, accompanied by a technical observer. On the way out they shipped a good deal of water. This short-circuited the electrical contacts, and the observer suggested calling off the trial. Trying out the new weapon with the installation saturated in sea water was a hazard no one had bargained for, but time was precious and it was decided to take the risk. Drying the electrical equipment as thoroughly as possible they fired a full salvo.

Hedgerow in action presented an impressive and unusual sight. As the projectiles climbed clumsily into the sky they all seemed to be proceeding at grotesquely different angles from each other. The terrific concussion as they exploded just above the beach not only set off the buried test mines; it threatened to paralyse any human being in the immediate vicinity.

On board the L.C.A., however, there was an unexpected development. The thrust as the big projectiles left the deck caused widespread damage to the mountings, and cracks appeared in the hull of the boat. At the technical inquest which followed, the Director of Naval Construction's advisers recommended elaborate strengthening of all future Hedgerow craft.

This work was still in progress when an S O S came from the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean. He had seen plans of the Hedgerow and asked that five of these special craft should be made available for an important operation.

It was then the middle of May and the pilot model had fired precisely one salvo; Admiral Cunningham's staff called for the delivery of five tried and tested craft, in fully operational condition, by June 15. It was a stiff proposition.

The Wheezers and Dodgers toiled night and day, and in exactly four weeks the pilot model had been redesigned, five Hedgerows had been made and tested in their specially strengthened assault craft, and crews trained to man them.

It was a remarkable achievement, but unhappily this technical efficiency was not matched by administrative foresight elsewhere. No adequate instructions for the reception of the Hedgerow craft reached the Mediterranean, and a series of disasters befell them.

In North Africa the L.C.A.s were recognized as familiar craft, but no one, apparently, had heard of the new weapon they mounted. So the trained crews were removed, and drafted to other duties. The equipment, installed with such urgency, was stripped from the boats, and when at last someone discovered the significance of the Hedgerow mountings only two of the five installations were retrieved. Nobody realized that the craft had to be specially strengthened to stand the stresses and strains involved, and the shipwrights at Algiers, who had no blueprints to work from, laboriously reassembled the spigots, mountings, and the maze of electrical wiring in unstiffened boats.

To complete this unhappy catalogue of blunders the sub-lieutenant who was placed in command of the two ill-starred Hedgerow craft—L.C.A. 446 and L.C.A 403—for the operation was provided with new crews who had no knowledge of the weapon at all. He discovered, too, that the Hedgerow rounds he embarked at Djidjelli, in Algeria, had been submerged in five feet of water for a considerable time in the hold of an ammunition vessel.

ON August 29 the sub-lieutenant held his only firing practice. It was a chastening experience. On board L.C.A. 446 the beams supporting the spigot mountings instantly split apart, and the sides of the craft opened up. She sank almost immediately in the rough waters of Bizerta Bay, and L.C.A. 403 only just managed to struggle back into harbour. This left only the one Hedgerow landing craft to take part in the invasion of Italy's mainland.

At zero hour—half-past three on the morning of September 9, 1943—L.C.A. 403 went into action forty yards from Red Beach in Salerno Bay, south of Naples.

No sooner had the first salvo been fired from the Hedgerow than they found that the mountings had split again. This severed the firing leads to the forward spigots, and half the projectiles were now out of action.

Under heavy fire the crew worked frantically for forty minutes with insulating tape and spare cable, and managed to join up all but two of the mountings. Then, in the half light of approaching dawn, the L.C.A. headed in towards Salerno town. Here again they came under heavy shellfire, so the remaining salvo was aimed at the harbour. Such damage had been done to the firing circuit and the spigot girders, however, that six of the projectiles failed to leave their mountings, and the rest all fell within thirty yards of the boat.

The crews could do no more, but anxious to discover the effect of the one salvo he had fired successfully the sub-lieutenant landed and made his way to Red Beach. Over an area of ninety yards he counted the unmistakable craters of twenty-three Hedgerow bombs. The last six had exploded right in the centre of a dense minefield laid in bullrushes and scrub eighty yards from the water's edge, and had cleared a wide path for the advancing troops.

In the Admiralty the potentialities of the Hedgerow were quickly realized. Its failure in the Mediterranean, in craft entirely unsuitable for it, had been inevitable; properly handled, the new weapon was to play an important part in the greater invasion which lay ahead.

NEXT WEEK: The department builds an invisible boat for secret agents

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The King of England wanted Tattershall Castle—but nobody seemed to know why

THE Honourable John Byng, an inveterate traveller, mounted his horse Po one rainy morning in July, 1791, and within a short time reached "Tattershall, a small market town with a mean market place."

Then he went to view the castle, and found "the most perfect, the grandest piece of brickwork in the Kingdom."

In 1911 Tattershall Castle was bought by a speculator who ripped out four magnificent mediaeval fireplaces, damaging them and the castle walls. The fireplaces were sold to a London firm which resold them to America. They were sent down to Southampton ready to be shipped. The castle itself was in grave danger of being pulled down.

Then the late Lord Curzon stepped in. He had twenty-four hours in which to negotiate and act. He managed not only to buy the castle from the dealers but the fireplaces as well. There is a charming photograph in the Castle Museum of the fireplaces returning to Tattershall in a farm wagon covered with Union Jacks and led by Lord Curzon amid the cheering villagers.

The present castle, now owned by the National Trust, was built in about 1440 when a Norman castle was demolished. The man who was responsible for it was Ralph, Fourth Baron Cromwell, who was Lord Treasurer at the beginning of the Wars of the Roses. He built a double-ringed moat and a hundred-foot tower.

Although the wars did not actually reach Tattershall, the castle changed hands. It was acquired by Edward IV. On the King's death John Skelton, the poet, wrote an elegy in which he makes Edward say:

I made the Tower strong,
I wist not why;
Knew not for whom I purchased Tattershall

If the King did not know, certainly nobody else did, for the castle was henceforth managed by a succession of bailiffs. One of these had a beautiful wife who won the heart of Henry VIII. In 1519 she bore a son, of whom the King "avowed himself the father" and to whom he granted Tattershall Castle and other rich manors. The boy, created Duke of Richmond, died at the age of seventeen a few days after attending Anne Boleyn's execution.

How to get there: The castle is three-and-a-half miles south-east of Woodhall Spa (E.R.). *Open:* weekdays and bank holidays, 9.30 till 7, Sundays, 1 till 8, or till dusk if earlier.

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for 2, 3 or 4 words!

"*YOU* can be first to win wealth and a week in Naples!" Those words (issue May 12) spurred on Mrs. S. Kitchen to make some *Bullets*. Her coupon (reproduced here) won £600 and a holiday in Naples—she flies there this weekend with her railwayman husband.

This page brings you an opportunity to win the gigantic sum of £1,250 for two, three or four simple words. Start enjoying now the fun of fitting them to one of the *Examples* below—and post by Monday, July 9.

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Cloak And Dagger Stuff
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For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

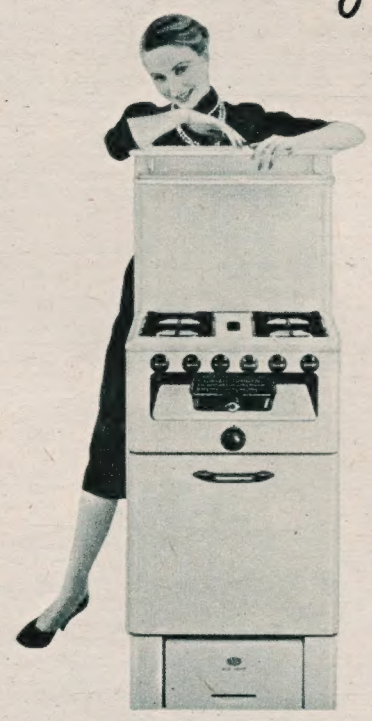
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated August 4), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 21, for early news of No. 2,046 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,046, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The main in my life



A thing of beauty is the Main Century—modern lines, cream enamel—and a joy for ever!... A joy to cook with—four burners that all boil as fast or simmer as gently as you please, a griller that's large, that heats evenly and quickly. A joy to have a big oven that's all useful cooking space—right down to its flat floor. A joy to keep it clean, with its sensible rounded corners. Not to mention the joys of better cooking, and shillings saved in gas!

THE MAIN No. 20
CENTURY
GAS COOKER

See the Century at your local gas showrooms

Note the name-made by MAIN

There's a Century model for bottle-gas. And there's a big Main gas-cookery book—750 recipes, over 300 pages, 5/6 post free from Dept. JB., R & A Main Ltd, 48 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1 ℗10

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That's the motto of the great-hearted woman with an adopted family of three who, widowed while still young and now re-married, is reconciled to knowing that she can never have her own baby. But she and her second husband together have created a circle of security and love for three orphaned youngsters, and theirs is a home made bright by devotion and affection.

Such unusual stories of motherhood's more unusual aspects appear regularly in MOTHER—along with practical advice on all the problems that confront mothers and mothers-to-be. The July issue, for instance, is packed with plans for family holiday-making, as well as those regular beauty, fashion and homemaking articles readers look forward to each month. You'll find bargain pattern offers for children's play clothes, pages of family knitting, a happy holiday snapshot contest and delightful short stories for leisure-hour reading. Make sure of your copy by leaving an order with your newsagent today—or better still, make yours a regular order for

MOTHER
The Magazine of Happy Marriage

JULY ISSUE, ON SALE FRIDAY, JUNE 29—1/-

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It's the appetising taste of Guinness

THAT GOES SO WELL WITH FOOD

YOU KNEW punting was quite easy really. Only it's hot. And there's a tree with no-one under it. And a hamper in the punt. And Guinness in the hamper . . . *Guinness Time*, if ever it was.

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G.E.2567.D